NATIONALISM: THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER . . By Max Lerner

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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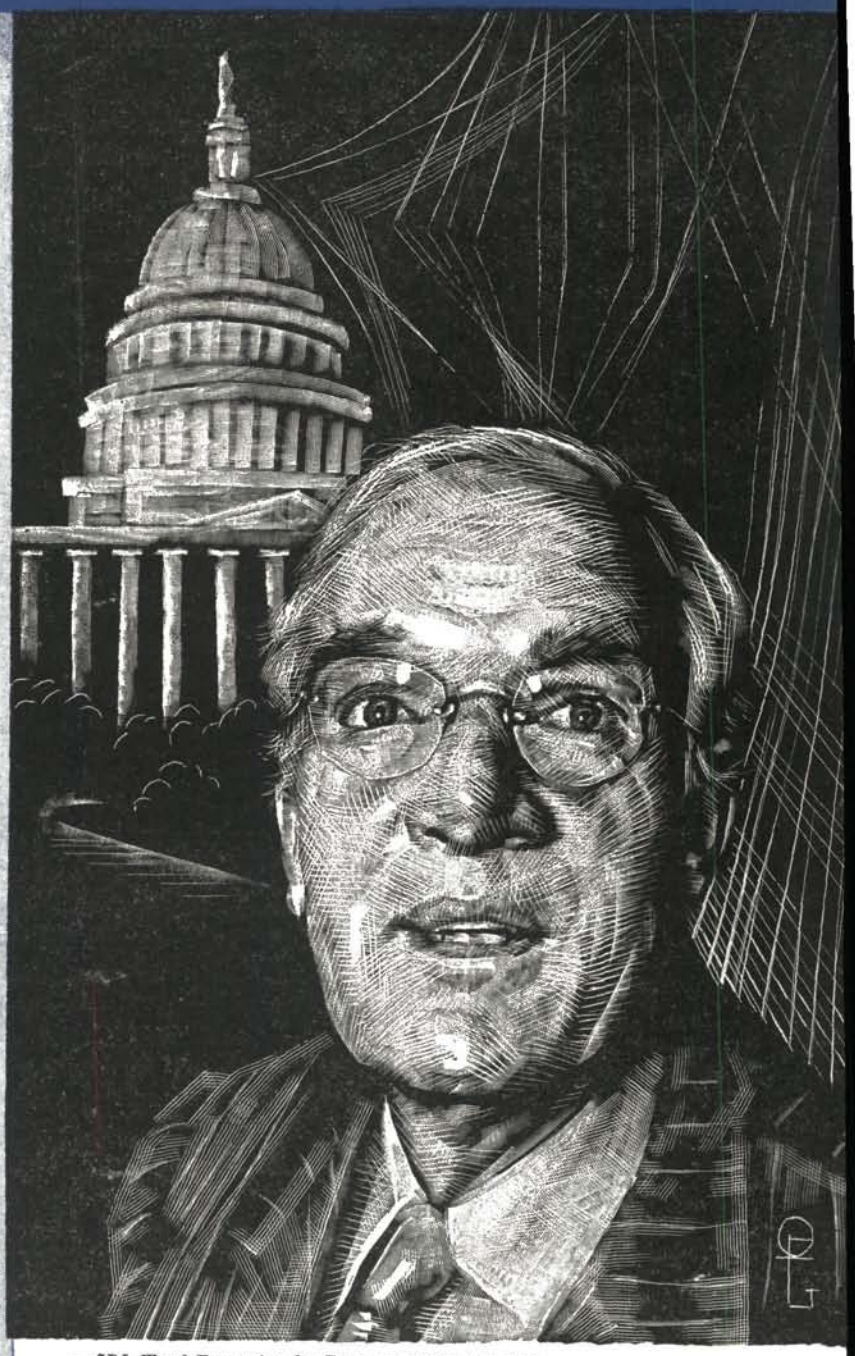

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UPTON SINCLAIR'S new novel, "Presidential Agent," tells Americans how to slay the giant. (See page 7)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Nationalism:

The Root and the Flower

MAX LERNER

—SRL wood engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Hans Kohn distills the essence of nationalism.

THE idea of nationalism has long and deep roots, but its flower is a various one. Born in the best strivings of the human mind, it has ended in the idea of *la patrie* that stirs the Free French, in the democratic construction of the Jordan Valley in Palestine, in the heroism of the Chinese leftists and the patient rigors of the Indian Congress leaders; but it has ended also in Streicher's obscenities, Franco's concentration camps, the crushing of liberty in Argentina, and the neurosis of America First—the swollen nationalisms that strip nationhood of its meaning for their own peoples, and peril nationhood for other peoples.

There must have been rich and contradictory roots, and a complex process of growth, to produce such a flowering. It is in this spirit that Hans Kohn has gone about the task of tracing in the first of two volumes* the first two thousand years of the idea of nationalism—"the long night which in its dark womb harbored the promise of the coming morn," and "the dawn, the early, flickering, still uncertain light preceding the day." The day of nationalism begins with the great creative act of the French Revolution, with which Professor Kohn's second volume will start. The evening of nationalism is now.

Lest this metaphor of Professor Kohn's should lead you to think that he has turned off a flossy bit of writing, or produced a tract for the times, let me say that it is not so. This sturdy volume of 575 close-packed pages of text and 150 pages of erudite notes, which have taken me large slices of three weeks to work my way through, is anything but a tract for the times: it is part of an enduring and definitive treatise.

The author has worked for years, steadily and with detachment, building this historical temple to an idea which Hitler's gang has sought to dirty up almost beyond recognition. He has done ably what he set out to do, and this work—when completed—should establish him as the *magister* of nationalism studies in American university life. In the days when Carleton Hayes was still a professor, before he went to Spain to assess and remained to pray, he had made Columbia University into the great center of research in the history of nationalism. Now the center of such research is likely to be wherever Professor Kohn is. For he has shown in this book a knowledge of the vast literature on nationalism in every language, and a capacity to distil and weigh what he has read.

IN fact, I must confess myself slightly dazed by Professor Kohn's multilingual assumptions. I am reminded of similar assumptions by the great Catholic historian of the idea of freedom, Lord Acton, who was adept in a dozen languages and expected his readers to be likewise. To the charge that it seems a bit pedantic to quote from a large number of languages in the original tongues, Professor Kohn might however answer that scholarship is an exacting discipline and does not come cheap either to writer or reader.

He has spread his net very wide. He has written a book which is less a history of nationalism than it is a history of Western civilization from the standpoint of the nationalist idea. His method is to sketch out the broad outlines of the dominant ideas of a culture—Greece, Judea, Rome, Middle Ages, Renaissance, Reformation, Enlightenment—and then ask where nationalism fits into them. He is like a huge excavating machine that dredges up tons of ideological sand and gravel because it is searching for a few pounds of nationalist pay dirt. At times the method has its humorous side: as when, for example, after wading through a discussion of Dante and his ideas, we are told that "there was no trace of nationalism in Dante." One is reminded of the book on Iceland where, under the chapter "Trees," the reader finds, "There are no trees in Iceland." The result is a volume which, compact and learned as it is, might have gained body by a greater sharpness of focusing on the part of the author. The reader feels a little that he has been chasing shadows.

Partly this is inherent in the subject matter, for it was many centuries before the threads that went into the making of the idea of nationalism could be disentangled from the stuff of general historical development. In a first-rate chapter on the Greeks and the Jews, the author shows that—for all their differences—there was a rough pattern of development which the thinkers in both cultures followed, starting with the sense of being an elite and ending with the idea of a civilizing and universalizing world mission. Neither of these was the nationalist idea in itself, yet each was a thread that was eventually to become part of nationalism.

With Alexander's conquests, the Roman Empire, and the universal Church, this impulse toward becoming a unity seemed superficially to have been fulfilled. Yet only superficially. For the

**THE IDEA OF NATIONALISM: A STUDY IN ITS ORIGINS AND BACKGROUND. By Hans Kohn. The Macmillan Co. 1944. 735 pp. $7.50.*

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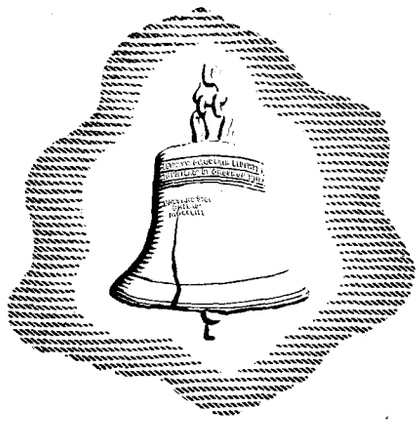
world of religious, intellectual, and imperialist universalism was too massive to survive when imposed from without. Whatever might be the intent of philosophers, religious leaders, generals, and statesmen, these units were too big for the ordinary man to grasp. The universalist worlds fell apart. They had not the inner vigor and cohesion to hold them together. They lacked the passion of justice which the Hebrew prophets had had, and the sense of contained form which the Greek thinkers had shown. They developed machines that they could not control, armies whose veterans they could not feed, administrative structures that became top-heavy, hierarchies that preached religion and lacked holiness. Above all, they failed for want of a flaming idea to generate the heat that could hold them together.

MUCH of the early history of the quest for nationalism is the quest for this cohesive idea. The religion of Judea, the culture of Greece, and the Roman *imperium* weave in and out of the story, sometimes seeming to get lost, but always turning up again in new guises and combinations: Judaism in Christianity, and then Christianity in the second religiousness of the medieval church; the Roman *imperium* in the hollow imperiousness of the western Empire and then of the Holy Roman Empire; Graeco-Roman culture in the Renaissance, and the Christian idea revived and made more immediate in the Reformation. And yet none of these ideas—whether of *sacerdotum* or *imperium*. One God, Chosen Tribe, or One World—was able to achieve that integration of the individual with a compassable community and a viable system of power and a secular fighting faith which we now call the idea of nationalism.

Professor Kohn traces with great skill the movement of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in Europe and in America, toward this idea. He treats well the massive influence of the French *philosophes,* and in particular Rousseau (whom the Americans of our generation do not yet either understand or estimate); he shows scholarly integrity in dealing with the German philosophers of the Enlightenment, and especially Herder, whom it would have been a cheap and easy thing to dispose of as the forerunner of the Nazi *mystique* of the *Volk;* and he sets for the first time in their true perspective in the history of western nationalism the great role of the Americans, and particularly of Jefferson and of Noah Webster. By the end of the eighteenth century the idea of freedom, of men's dignity, of their comradeship and equality, were ready for the harvest. What they needed was



some great movement of aspiration and will which would gather them together into a unified and militant people carving out a social system that could be adopted by all peoples. This was what the French Revolution did.

Professor Kohn has been careful to make it clear by his title that he is writing on the *idea* of nationalism, and not on nationalism as a social force and working entity. And yet this restriction represents something of a loss to the reader. The author has chosen to do an important essay in the history of ideas. But his world of ideas is by that fact suspended between two other worlds: the substantive world of economics and politics and administration; and the psychic world of emotion, striving, collective will, and the non-rational and irrational element in man's make-up. It is always a great danger in writing the history of ideas that you will forget these other two worlds—forget that ideas must get along and live and grow in a dusty, sweaty, and everyday world of what men do, and forget that their deepest roots are in the dark and unspoken areas below the threshold of men's rational thinking.

The biggest question we can ask about nationalism can be answered best, not in terms of the genealogical succession of ideas, but in terms of these other two worlds. That question is: why was it, of all the social groupings and forms in which men have lived together from savagery on, particularly the *nation* which has emerged in the modern Western world as the strongest form? What aggressive, pushing force did it have, what capacity for adaptation and survival, what inner dynamism?

I think the answer must be given wholly in dualisms. Man is at once split and unified. He has a fierce sense of his own uniqueness, yet he has also a yearning for his brothers and their common cause. He wants to fight and he wants to be at peace. And what is true of him psychologically has been reflected in the tensions of the western world. The idea of nationalism and the nation-state as an entity has emerged as the strongest force in our time because they were best fitted for survival amidst these tensions, and because they best expressed the inner dualism within man's nature. For nationalism has been a fusion of the cooperative (within a nation) and the competitive (between nations); of equality in the democratic idea and power in the economic structure; of the peaceful and the militant; of the sense of rivalry and the sense of the whole; of the "we" and the "they." I recall the title of one of Margaret Kennedy's novels: "Together and Apart." It seems to me to describe symbolically the dual truth about men which nationalism has striven somehow to mediate and fulfill.

The world of the Middle Ages was a world of spiritual universalism and of economic and political fragmentation. For a while it worked: men had some sense of inner security and did not mind so much the outer chaos. But the outer chaos became so great, in the face of the moving forces of technology and trade, that the universal religion (itself weakened from within by corruption and inertia) was not enough to hold the medieval world together. The world seemed to crumble, social pessimism became the rule, the best men seemed to live as spiritual exiles. In their blind hunger for some kind of unity, men sought to impose it by hatred and force; for a while they looked for an answer in the fierce factionalism of Church disputes and religious wars. But the answer was not there—neither universal order nor inner security.

THEN there began to emerge slowly the secular state. Men had a long battle to fight for it, a battle on the one hand against the universal claims of the Church and the Empire, and on the other hand against the feudal particularisms. They were aided in the first by the fact that both Church and Empire had lost the social base for their universal claims, and the claims were therefore merely a dreaming about the past. They were aided in the second by the revolutionary rise of commercial and then of industrial capitalism. I wish Professor Kohn had done more with these basic social movements that underlie the history of his ideas. For capitalism required the secular state in its political needs, it required a common language and a common law, it required an administrative structure that tied together the fragmented feudal communities. The result was what Thorstein Veblen, in his remarkable analysis in "The Nature of Peace," has called the "dynastic state."

The dynastic state secularized the political community, and it de-poli-

(*Please turn to page* 24)

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Lanny Budd Carries On

PRESIDENTIAL AGENT. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 655 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is the fifth in the Lanny Budd Series upon which Upton Sinclair has been engaged for several years, the previous and fourth volume of which was awarded a Pulitzer Prize, and this fifth volume seems to me the apex of the series; the most masterful, the most interesting, and a very important book indeed. In fact, I do not see why it is not by far, considering its range, its implications, and its handling, the most important American novel that has been written for a long while, or that is likely to be written for a good while to come. Certainly it is an answer, and a formidable one, to the statement that, in times of great stress and unbelievable drama like the present, the novel loses its validity in competition with headlines, direct statements, and first-hand reporting; a recurrent and historic fallacy, dangerous both to literature and the proper interpretation of events, and which must be based either upon ignorance of what a novel is, or else, temporary forgetfulness.

With every war, or any other prolonged earth-shaking event, those who should know better, abetted by those who do not know at all, have memorialized the end of fiction, only, with the end of this, or that, catastrophe, to have fiction surge back into the temporary vacuum created, not by the lack of proper material, but by the lack of those capable of handling material suddenly become gigantic. Much argument is likely to take place, as it has taken place in the past four years in England and America, and the premises of the defenders, although they are right, are frequently as unwittingly amusing as the premises of the abolitionists.

After all, over and beyond the mere pleasure to be found in dialectics, there is no very solid background behind a discussion as to the relative importance of a horse and a cow. Both are highly-specialized animals, indispensable for their particular uses. In the human body—his own, or those of others—one may prefer, and be more interested in the functions of the heart than in the functions of the liver, but both heart and liver are necessary to total functioning, and there can be no question of relative importance. In moments of day-dreaming, or as a jeu d'esprit to sharpen his wits and fortify his egotism, a man may envisage a world calm and undeviatingly constructive, bereft of women, or, if a woman, a world bereft of men, but the vision is neither practical nor sufficiently enlarged.

And this, it seems to me, sums up the endless discussion to which a novel like "Presidential Agent" is a convincing retort.

A novel, a play, poetry in all its forms, are not the same things as an essay, a column, an editorial, an article, or even the most human and colorful of news reports. They are different mediums; different vessels in both their shapes and uses. From the first, you drink a personal drink, as all drinks you take must be, cooling and refreshing, or possibly exciting and intoxicating; from the latter, upon removing the stopper, there emerges a jinn of assent, or dissent, but in either case of constantly enlarging speculation and doubt. Which is why those who read only newspapers and magazines and criticism, if they think at all, think restlessly and acrimonously, while those who read good novels, or go to see plays, or understand poetry, are likely to have a much more logical and universal point of view. It even shows in their faces; although, of course, there are novel readers who by nature are column and article readers, and column and article readers who are by nature novel readers. Men and women do not always follow their natural bents.

The object and form of a novel or a play is not straight description, however moving or related to humanity, nor on the other hand straight interpretation or opinion, however compelling. The object and form of a novel and a play are description and interpretation deliberately humanized by being poured through the filter of the minds of the characters involved, with, as a final sifting out, the master-filter of the mind of the writer. The approach, then, is not only diametrically different, as opposite as the two poles, but, and what is most important of all, the scale is completely different. The latter is cut down to the point where it can enmesh the vicarious imagination, the vicarious emotions, of the reader until he is willing to perform a feat of transubstantiation, and become for awhile one, or all, of the characters involved.

—*Howard Thomas*

Instead of looking at the world from a bird's-eye point of view, which is the descriptive point of view, or the intellectual point of view, or, in other words, the news point of view, or the editorial point of view, or the critical point of view, he looks at it from the human point of view, which is longitudinal and not perpendicular. He is part of the earth. The nearest tree is something by itself; the nearest hill something he cannot see beyond until he climbs to its top, and the approach and the climbing are a personal effort, and a personal mystery, and preoccupation.

The not to be bridged gap between the two points of view can best be illustrated by what you see, when in an airplane, and what you see when you take a walk, or ride a horse, or even ride in a motor car or train. The airplane view is often magnificent, and nowadays it is both useful and necessary, and eventually may lead to some further understanding, although that is doubtful, but you do not see the earth as human beings ordinarily see it, or as, for the most part, despite possible vastly increased airplane perspective, they will continue both to see and feel it. The earth is flattened out; it is a multicolored quilt, smoothly spread, and, unless you are landing or hedge-hopping, it is totally unrumpled by the restless crawling of men. It is not the narrow and often uneasy bed on which men and women lie; the covers are never flung back. The shape of the occupant is not seen. Something that must be taken into account, as is the case with each aggrandizement of the machine, lest, with increasing "air-mindedness," we produce a breed that has hardly any relation to the earth at all. Nor, for that matter, any real connection with what may, or may not be, beyond it.

A novel not only cuts down the scale of events and of personalities, however remote and at first glance gigantic, until that scale is comprehensible and relevant, but it also frames its selection and the resulting picture. There is an end and a beginning. A definite small space of attempted order set aside from the outer amorphousness of space and life, at least, so far as with our limited vision we are able to perceive the latter. The molecules in their endless dancing are for the moment arrested and

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arranged. But then, that is the fundamental of all art, isn't it? A fact overlooked, or misunderstood, by a good many critics and a good many practitioners, who all through the ages for various reasons, especially, perhaps, the ephemeral increase of their own uneasy sense of importance, have hailed experiment as production. And this is especially true where the novel is concerned, for of all forms of art, the novel is the most human, the most direct, the most intimate, and the most communicative. As a result, the average good novel has hardly even a speaking acquaintance with the average book reviewer, or his, or her, more elegant cousin, the critic; a term which means as a rule little more than that you read one book a week instead of four.

Nothing is more interesting than to go back twenty, or even ten years, and try to recall dimly the names of the novels that have been hailed as great, and then to remember—because you can—the names of the few which have survived because of actual elements of greatness. Nor has this survival had a single thing to do as a rule with what any critic at the moment thought. One does not like to make too large statements, but it seems fairly safe to say that no two minds work more differently than the minds of the novelist and the critic, and that the one thing the average critic is totally incapable of assessing properly is the novel; a fact proven by the dreadful novels most critics at one time or other in their lives have written. It is obvious they should stick to belles-lettres or biography in which they are more at home. A novel is far too direct, too human, too intimate, and too communicative, too "moral," if you wish to put it that way, for the queasy and shrinkingly snobbish mind. One begins to perceive, therefore, the underlying causes for such periodic phenomena as the attempt several years ago to prove "Finnegans Wake" a great novel, or before that a certain book of Gertrude Stein, and so on back to the caveages when some rock-artist decided he was tired of painting a mammoth with four feet and would give it two heads, and the more sly of his fellow inmates decided this was an opportunity to increase their standing by deprecating those unillumined enough to insist that, no matter what else might be said, a mammoth after all did have four feet.

"Finnegans Wake" may, or may not, have been, an important experiment. Time alone will tell. But it isn't a novel. Meanwhile, all great novels from "Don Quixote," and "Gil Blas," and "Tom Jones," and "Pilgrim's Progress," straight down through the years, have been human, direct, intimate, communicative, and, in the larger sense, inevitably moral.

And so I am particularly anxious to see what critics will have to say of this latest book of Upton Sinclair; to my mind an extraordinarily important book and essentially a novel, and a first-class one. An extraordinary and gigantic job, as a matter of fact, of collation, selection, synthesis, craftsmanship, and interpretation, and one that could have been done only by a novelist as mature and practised and experienced in thinking as its author. Desperately and nervously exciting, moreover; as desperately and nervously exciting as the desperate times in which we live. The opinions will be interesting, because Upton Sinclair, who has essentially the mind of a novelist, has, until recently, been much more acclaimed in Europe, where novels are better understood, than in his own country.

At all events, here in "Presidential Agent" is the reduction to human scale, the framing, that makes the novel the moving and terrific medium it should be. And here is the first time that any novelist has had the courage to take the present monstrous shape of evil and show it in its proper proportions and in its inevitable final weakness whenever it meets courage, endurance, and intelligent good-will. There may at times be Powers and Principalities released by the combined evil wills of evil men, but they are always human, and hence can be reduced to the scale of proper defeat, or else long ago the human race would have vanished, and in its place would have been left only monsters of various shapes. And in the residuum of human knowledge, the wisdom of which cannot be altered, nor its store added to, there is the awareness of this saving grace, for one of the fundamental plots, seven or nine, which, as with all the fundamental plots, are taken straight from life and have become folk-knowledge, is the plot of Jack and the Beanstalk, or David and Goliath, which means no more than that giants, if faced courageously and with a due sense of proportion, grow smaller as men grow larger.

The danger is never the giant. Mere size in itself is nothing. The danger lies, first, in being unaware of the approach of the giant, and then, when he is seen, in the fear and hopelessness which prevent a proper understanding both of the giant's power and of his inevitable weaknesses.

The present war is so huge, the poison we seek to eradicate so virulent and widespread, that although we take arms against them with all vigor and success physically, we are inclined, in despair of any real comprehension, to pull the covers over our heads mentally and spiritually. Without interpretation, and in the humanizing of it, the scale is too vast to be encompassed. So it must be reduced and put into human terms for each man and woman to know his, or her, proper place, and for him, or her, to learn how to meet with some degree of safety, the future.

This is exactly what this novel, "Presidential Agent," does, and over and beyond its other numerous virtues is a final one. I can think of no book which should so imperatively find its way into the hands of Americans who because of their geographical remoteness, although they do bleed actually, in the shape of their young men, or vicariously, in the shape of those near to them, do not as yet know the exact shape of the giant; nor how to meet him; nor how, finally, to slay him.

Last Word

By Harry Kemp

THE Captain who puts boldly out to sea
And does not skirt the cowardly coast, has led
Ever, Man's long advance: speak not to me
Of cautious charts and old men's proverbs said
To drag against the soaring ecstasy.
Without God's fools where would the Present be?—
Bridegrooms who took Disaster to their bed
And gave the world a golden progeny!

To woo Destruction with so fair a face
Is better than to rot in one sure place:
Sometimes a Cause is nothing till it's lost.
For all this soon-dreamed, passing life of ours
And fear of thorns that guard consummate flowers,
Give me the man who does not count the cost!

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A Fraction of an Appalling War

LIMIT OF DARKNESS. By Howard Hunt. New York: Random House. 1944. 227 *pp.* $2.50.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH. By Michael Stern. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1944. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AS the war goes on, publishers pour forth a flood of war-thin books, of which too many only duplicate or rival the reporting furnished us by newspapers, magazines, and radio, while too few provide fare of which we have not had a surfeit from other sources. "Into the Jaws of Death" belongs to the larger class, while "Limit of Darkness" joins the smaller.

Mr. Hunt's "story of twenty-four hours in the lives of a group of American fliers based on Henderson Field, Guadalcanal" is presented as a novel, and there is no contradicting the claim that it is one, so long as our best definitions of "the novel" remain so inexact. Surely this book is something other and better than mere reporting, even though its fact is what strikes home rather than its fiction: and, however lightly sketched its characters may be, two of them at least engage our emotions before we take leave of them—Babe Lewis, who spins down out of the night sky to crash and die beside a Japanese airstrip, and Ben Lambert, sole survivor of a torpedo bombing squadron that was blown to pieces during the Battle of Midway, who is apparently doomed (the word is used advisedly) to be always a survivor. Lambert has more substance as a character than any of his fellows, but even he exhibits only a rudimentary development; Babe touches us at the end by the manner of his death, although we have known from the beginning, so simple is the pattern, that dying was to be his one important fictional function.

Mr. Hunt sets us down on Henderson in the days when Bougainville is being softened up, when Kahili is a prime target, and the Japanese are still sending down their Mitsubishis to make passes at our warships in the Slot. One by one, hour by hour, beginning at five in the morning, we are introduced to the five members of Torpedo Bombing-Squadron Eleven with whom we are to share a day and a night; we also meet three officers of Strike Command, and a war correspondent who, for reasons undoubtedly known to Mr. Hunt, is enthusiastically depicted as an out-and-out stinker. But, as suggested above, these characters need not detain a reviewer. In "Limit of Darkness," action is the thing.

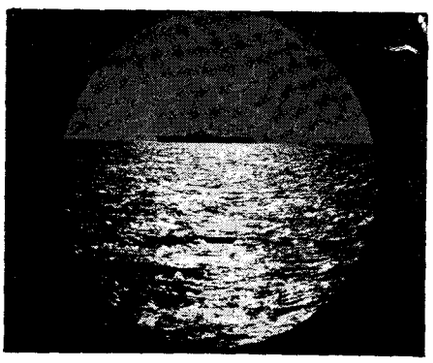
However, it does not start for some hours, and for a while the reader is almost as fed up as are the pilots, with their endless fight against climate and rats and mosquitoes (*anopheles* for malaria, *Aedes Egypti* for dengue), their constant dependence on atabrine, their miserable food, their shortage of supplies, their leave that never comes—all adding up to a mood that finds expression in "The Song of the Solomons":

I wanted wings, and I got the God-damned things.
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly and they sent me here to die;
I've had a bellyful of war.

You can leave the Zeros to the God-damned heroes;
Distinguished Fly-ing Crosses—
Do not compensate for losses . . .

For a while the reader thinks this book about war is going to be as monotonous and uncomfortable as war itself often is, whether it be fought in the Solomons or in the trenches of the old Western Front. But at 3 P.M., when P-38s, P-40s, Corsairs, and Wildcats meet up with Zeros and Mitsubishis over Cape Esperance, while we listen to the progress of the fight over the loud speaker at Strike Command, things begin to pop. And, as the time for the take-off of the planes that are to attack Kahili approaches, excitement mounts, tension increases. This is the midnight operation to which we have been looking forward all day; this is the climactic action towards which the narrative has been building.

Howard Hunt, a medically discharged Naval officer and war correspondent who has flown with torpedo-bombing squadrons from Guadalcanal, and who is now serving with the Army Air Forces, does full justice to his subject in his final chapters. He has the gift of making us see what he has seen and feel what he has felt. He writes accurate, muscular, moving prose, and stays away from melodrama and heroics. After he has taken us up the Slot to Bougainville and back again, we have the feeling that we have been places and done things. Actually, we have come a little closer than we were before to understanding one small fraction of this amazing and appalling war.



U. S. Navy aircraft carrier as seen through the porthole of a U. S. Coast Guard ship.

"Into the Jaws of Death" provides information and understanding, too, on a journalistic level. Mr. Stern has written and put together ten first-person stories of our various fighting fronts: "While the words were set down by the author, they came from the lips and from the hearts of men who know what it means to stare death in the face."

The crew of the Flying Fortress, *Memphis Belle,* describes a mission against the Focke-Wulf fighter plant in Bremen. Major Levi R. Chase, who was the leading American ace when we left North Africa, tells of the early improvising days in the African theatre. Major Gerald Crosson, distinguished bomber pilot, describes the pounding of Rabaul, Gona, Lae, and Salamaua. Lieut. Sidney Rabekoff, in one of the liveliest stories of the collection, tells us how the PT boats furnished naval support for the Marines on Guadalcanal, and broke up all Jap attempts at reinforcement and relief, while our "Navy was off on the broader reaches of the Pacific playing chess with the Jap Navy." It was an almost incredible performance, in the midst of which a powerful United States task force arrived to fight and win the crucial Battle of the Coral Sea. Hugh Moffett, third engineer, and Albert Becker, yeoman third class, both of whom had their ships sunk under them by U-boats relate their experiences. Lt. Richard W. Tucker, a gunnery officer aboard the *San Francisco,* gives a stirring account of the great fight that followed Admirable Callaghan's memorable order: "Go through the middle and get the big ones first." Lieut. Eugene Wasserman holds forth on tactical bombing in North Africa and Sicily; Lieut. George R. Hinman, USNR, describes the bloody, touch-and-go landing at Salerno; and Corporal Obie Newcomb describes the costly Tarawa engagement from the point of view of a photographer who landed in an amphibian tractor with the first wave of Marines.

If you are not war-drunk and fight-happy after you have gone the distance with Mr. Stern's relentless battle sequence, you are a stout fellow.

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The Qualities of the American Soldier

CAPTAIN RETREAD. By Donald Hough. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1944. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN this unpretentious and ever delightful little book Capt. Hough of the First and Second World Wars, and hence a "Retread," dissects the Miles Americanus. He does it thoughtfully with obvious admiration and affection for his subject. He does it with authority, for he was one of the species himself in the last war when he became a lieutenant for his pains. With a skeptical and disarming grin at his adequacy for the new conflict, the forty-seven-year-old captain—"well preserved in some respects but no bargain in time of war"—discourses on the basic training of the Air Force soldier in which he participated. The result is frequently amusing, always enlightening, and constantly heartening in its tribute to the qualities of America's soldiers. I confirm Capt. Hough's report on a surpassingly courageous and adaptable generation after observing more than forty thousand men in my own training center.

Capt. Hough finds that impatience was an outstanding characteristic of these young men. "They were impatient, terribly impatient, with listening. Listening to the reports of debates in Congress. Listening to the radio. Listening to the efforts to prepare them for war long after they were more than prepared for war—prepared to get in there, those who would have to do the getting in there in the end anyway, and have done. Have done. Have done with windy and hollow and meaningless words, with the ultimate issue so plain, so clearly their destiny, and theirs alone."

Patience is needed, however, for this business of learning the trade of a soldier. Today, seventeen weeks are required to train a soldier, with additional time to train an organization. It isn't as good a record as that of Cadmus who sowed the dragon's teeth with an almost instantaneous harvest of warriors, obviously well-armed and presumably well-trained. Nor is it nearly as swift as Mr. Bryan's hypothetical million men springing to arms overnight.

It is a miracle of achievement, and it is in that respect that we have learned to admire this generation. Years of careful planning by the War Department are now amply rewarded. But if the raw material—the young men of this nation—was not adaptable and fundamentally sound, this result would never have been realized.

Nothing of what we had observed among the youth of this country in the thirties prepared us for the virility they have displayed. They were not always so impatient to fight for their country. The contrast between the vociferously pacifistic youth of the thirties and the stalwart soldier of today's Army is almost incredible. Fortunately for this nation there is nothing in common between what they *said* a decade ago and what they *do* now. Paradoxically the same idealism which led them to orate the Oxford Oath and beat their breasts in the 30's brought them to adapt themselves to arms and achieve militant heroism in the 40's. The fallacy of the youth of the thirties was his belief that this hatred of war could deter potential enemies from striking this country whenever it suited their purpose. It is clear today that such attitudes encouraged Germany and Japan in their views that the U. S. was a decadent nation. Their military intelligence officers, on the basis of reports from their agents here, accepted this attitude of our youth as irrevocable and unalterable. The U. S., they thought, would not stand against aggression. Hadn't our young men pledged their word by the thousands that under no circumstances would they take up arms for their country? What a lamentable object of derision we were in the international arena, fat with the world's greatest wealth, and flabby, and feeble with the world's greatest weaklings! Or so it seemed.

The youth of that period are not to blame. They had been taught by our universities and leaders that criticism only was the new version of patriotism; that devotion to country was old fashioned; that criticism was sufficient alone to improve our democratic institutions. Some of our leaders were likewise derelict in their duty or at the least not realists in their thinking. War was a detestable and sorry business for modern man. Universal peace was believed possible if only we wanted peace in this country. They had never heard Clausewitz's dictum that peace is only the interval between wars. We can still hope that peace will some day be universal and enduring but in the meantime let us be grateful for the revolution in our youth that is at last going to win us the victory.

Many of us recalling this attitude of our young men approached training of the soldier with considerable apprehension. Could they take it? How would the young men of America stand up under the terrific physical and mental exertion requisite for becoming a soldier in the few short weeks available? They took it with a will and with a success that has not only astonished pessimists among us, but above all has surprised the enemy in the final test of the battlefield. Capt. Hough will give you a good idea how they did it.

Rescue in the Central Pacific. "No war has ever demanded so much of its soldiers."

No previous war has ever demanded so much of its soldiers. Body and mind of the civilian are not equipped for today's battles. The body must be toughened, the mind must be attuned, and in addition a new skill must be learned by the vast majority of men before they can meet the needs of war. Even that is far from enough. The soldier must acquire a sense of team work, of belonging to an organization, of integration into the U. S. Army before he merits the name of soldier. The training center is the hardest school any of these men ever attended. No cuts are allowed. Athletics are compulsory. The curriculum is varied and men are carefully classified for specialist courses by analyzing their previous experience and native ability. Elective courses are not included nor is there any Philosophy A where a man can sleep peacefully through a bleak hour. The Army practises and practises Marshall Suvorov's dictum: "Tough on the training ground; easy on the battlefield."

Millions of young Americans have graduated magna cum laude from these tough schools. Capt. Hough believes

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that one American trait above all is responsible for the Army's success in its training and fighting. He calls it "the living symbol of our side, a defense in depth which the others cannot hope to penetrate, and a guarantee of inevitable victory over those whom we have to fight, no matter who they may be. It is the humor of the American Army. There is no other humor just like it. The humor of the Army is concerned with itself; the Army thinks the Army is funny."

This and many other observations will help explain the transformation of the bewildered American youth into the hard hitting soldier who bewilders the enemy. It is far from being the whole story, but Capt. Hough can help to a better understanding of the Army by his deft and human approach. Amid much in the book that is trivial and irrelevant albeit entertaining, there is insight into the mind of the American soldier, and wisdom as regards his motives and attitudes. Since wars are won by privates and corporals and sergeants, it is well to find out what manner of men these are who are poised today for the great adventure. They are worthy of your confidence and admiration as you will learn if you have the good fortune to read "Captain Retread."

Bachelor, Warrior, Adventurer

WITH MY HEART IN MY MOUTH. By Duncan Norton-Taylor. New York: Coward McCann. 1944. 250 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE WELLER

THE title, which sounds as much like Perelman or Ogden Nash as a war correspondent's book, is the only pretentious thing about Duncan Morton-Taylor's amiable and honest account of a quick junket to the South Pacific. The author, an editor of *Time* magazine, let his New York suburbanite's monthly ticket lapse and dropped his happy home life to become a temporary war correspondent. A kind of commuter's Ernie Pyle, studiedly unassuming and self-deprecatory, he trailed off casually to New Georgia, Guadalcanal, Noumea, Sydney, and Brisbane. This is no more seeing the war than a ride on the Grand Central from New York to Chicago is seeing the United States, and there is no pretense on the author's part that it is. He did see the battle of Kula Gulf, which he describes with care and scrupulous detail.

The lack of any attitude except good fellowship, the minuteness of the observation, and a kind of plain charm about the views and experiences make up for the fact that his single sea battle was Morton-Taylor's alpha and omega of personal danger. But he saw a lot of minutiæ in the background, too, that other people have not bothered to put down, and which are part of the record.

This self-confessed novice found right off that the Big Story was almost always a stroke of luck, not due to sagacity or foresight or even pull. He happened to be aboard one of the three cruisers that took part in the Kula Gulf show, two of which stayed afloat. He describes with candor how a 5:15 strategist feels in the middle of a night sea battle, which is pretty much the same as what a "hardened war correspondent" feels under like circumstances. This "marshmallow" decribes with candor his own reactions in battle, and he does it well, without any crucified posturing or any make-believe hardihood. . . . It's discouraging, though, the way no American will admit nowadays that he is brave.

The routine of becoming a correspondent is here, the necessarily random nature of coverage under circumstances where, as at Guadalcanal last year, newspapermen rated priority seven on aircraft "the next thing," as the boys said, "above a stowaway." Morton-Taylor simply tells what any taxpayer would go through who, without any particular experience covering wars, took it into his head to check up on how Roosevelt was running his war in the Pacific.

The flag goes up over captured Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshall Islands.

The non-hardened war correspondent got scared all along the trans-Pacific line until he was under the big cone of Kolombangara. Almost every time his fright was a false alarm. Then he saw the white streak of a Japanese torpedo speeding toward his ship, leaned over the rail as it struck—he wasn't going to miss this for anything—and the darned thing hit but failed to go off. This is the kind of disappointment that a hardened war correspondent can take in stride. A novice learns later how to meet such frustrations and accept them as part of the tapestry of war.

Morton-Taylor's description of a bombardment is excellent; the come-and-go of the gunflashes and the silhouettes of the men remain in the mind afterward as his words imprint them. His sketch of Admiral Turner at *U.S.S. Crocodile* is frank and amusing.

The fact that the men of our Pacific forces consider that it is the task of the United States to police the world, league or no league, and that they expect Washington to retain the necessary bases to do it, is mentioned as casually as the weather. The writer points out that the American fighting forces do not think politically. He himself does not feel it any part of his duty to assay the reasons for our delay in our long overdue political offensive in the Pacific. He seems to believe, as the fighting man does, that the needed bases in Australia will just drop in our laps. He observes and feels the swaying color of the war in the Pacific; what it adds up to politically is a question he skirts as delicately as though he were himself a member of the forces.

War makes it possible for a married man to play bachelor, warrior, and adventurer on a modest and disciplined scale. He can kiss his family goodbye and go off to far places, the everlasting heart of youth pounding under the disguise of duty's khaki. But the drabness of war cannot long be kept secret.

This family man stayed away just long enough to find out how precious letters were and how good it was to get home alive. He tells without ostentation the feelings of many Americans from whom the war is taking years of life without necessarily giving them back much but a sense of inconspicuous duty honorably done.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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When Blitzkrieg Was in Style

THE SIX WEEKS WAR. By Theodore Draper. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE war of the Fall of France is already so far away and long ago that it can be regarded through the optical instruments of history instead of through those of polemics; but a new war has grown out of it, to serve the purposes of which it is necessary to insert in those instruments now and again a lens which will give a slight amount of refraction. That is what one gets out of this important and interesting book, the first with a really detailed analysis of commanders and their ideas as well as of the mechanical movements of the war, and certainly the most readable book yet produced on the subject.

The refraction is visible at several points. Mr. Draper does not appear to have made any use of either Vilfroy or de Chambrun, a couple of capital witnesses, and if he had looked into the former at least he could hardly have repeated the familiar error that the French were so heavily outnumbered in tanks; but he applies his own corrective to the error by remarking that it was not lack of equipment so much as false doctrine that caused the failure of the French armored forces.

Some of the other refractions are slightly more serious. Almost at the beginning of the book, for example, is an extremely painstaking examination of the famous plan D (which sent the Allies forward to be trapped in Belgium) and how it came into being. Mr. Draper is bitter about that plan. He points out, justly, that it was based on the extraordinarily fatuous expectation that the Germans would exactly repeat their famous Von Schlieffen maneuver of 1914; not quite so justly that it was a compromise measure (all staff plans are); and with very little justice that the German "attack in depth could only be answered by a counter-strategy of defense in depth." Nobody knew what attack in depth was at the time plan D was being born—not even the Nazis, who modified their concepts a good deal as the movement went along.

One can put the general case here represented by saying that this a study of the Allied failure but not of the German success. Now, it is extremely important to understand the reasons for failure in war, perhaps more important than to understand those for success. Mr. Draper has produced a gallery of remarkable portraits of the officers and politicians responsible for that failure which will stand for a long time as a warning to those who will be warned—the self-seeking, the avoidance of responsibility, the paucity of ideas, the mounting defeatism. But is it the whole story?

A study of other pictures of great defeats—say Pollard's of the last days of the Southern Confederacy or Marshall MacDonald's of the end of Napoleon—suggests that it is not; that the phenomena observed here are repetitions of a formula common since Lysander's spearmen marched up to Athens between the long walls. Mr. Draper lashes angrily at General Weygand because, even while giving orders for the defense and issuing bulletins of encouragement to the troops, he was exerting pressure on the Cabinet to arrange an armistice. "The worst in him, his fear of the masses and his hatred of the British, was brought out. He was appalled by the political implications of the defeat and, therefore, was ready to accept defeat all the sooner in order to cut the losses to the established order." In other words, Weygand was not a soldier at all but a tin-horn politician.

General Charles deGaulle, whose resistance plan was rejected.

At this point one may ask what the old man could have done if he had not been "ready to accept defeat." Mr. Draper answers only with a proposal made by deGaulle, that one part of the Army should retreat to the Brittany Peninsula while another part coalesced around the Maginot fortifications. Weygand characterized the proposal as "fantastic" and it was. Similar cores of resistance availed France nothing in 1871, and at that time it was still possible for an army to live and supply itself from the country in which it was operating, which is notably not true of an age of panzers and dive-bombers.

On the other hand Weygand had before him the precedent of Davout, the ablest of Napoleon's marshals. In the dreadful days after Waterloo he was still in command of 150,000 men and 600 guns; and he used the threat of them to procure an amnesty from the reluctant Allies. Is it not possible that Weygand wanted to make his peace while he still had something to throw into the scale, before the Aisne-Somme line was broken? Weygand was a soldier; the imputation of political motives is only necessary here to build up deGaulle, who throughout the book can do no wrong.

He is the only Frenchman who receives this or any other compliment and, to heighten the effect, even Lord Gort and Ironside get fairly honorable discharges. Mr. Draper apparently does not realize what an effective job he himself has done in laying down the real causes of the defeat. One cannot indict all the military leaders (but one) of what was, after all, a fairly successful democracy without indicting the nation itself. In the book the ultimate blame for the disasters is placed on "the system." What system? The French Government had been for some time in the hands of the Front Populaire Government and it was not the fatuous military men but that government which took refuge behind the Maginot Line and refused to vote credits for airplanes. The morale of the French troops was bad, as Mr. Draper fairly points out; but why was it bad? Was it not, fundamentally, because they had no interest in this war or any other war—because they wanted to stay home and make social gains? So they stayed home and looked inward while Hitler was building up his panzers, and when a nation does that, neither deGaulle nor anybody else is going to help very much on the day of battle.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 532)

JOHN HERSEY:

A BELL FOR ADANO

America is on its way into Europe. . . . Each American who stays in Europe may very well be extremely dependent on a Joppolo*, not only for language, but for wisdom and justice and the other things we think we have to offer Europeans.

*The AMG Italian-American officer-mayor of a small Italian town, Adano.

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Strictly Personal . . .

"OFF THE RECORD" WITH A COLUMNIST

I AM going to be strictly personal, literally speaking, about Dorothy Thompson. John Gunther has described her as the worst photographed woman in America and, beyond that, it is her misfortune to be one of the most misrepresented in the public prints. Anecdotes that are told about her have but a slim basis of fact and in the retelling have practically none whatsoever.

Labelled "Cassandra" by Harold Ickes, the late Hugh Johnson, and others, and pigeon-holed as a prophetess of calamity, there is probably no one on earth ("on earth" is an expression she uses even more frequently in talk than on paper; it is her ultimate of ultimates) who has a more unshakable faith in the sublimity of the human spirit. Neither is her irrepressible laughter confined to Bund meetings. Once while her train was stopping at a station near Salzburg she got off and let it go on without her, for the simple reason that she had a sudden impulse to laugh with two old friends who were living nearby. Of another friend, she once said to me just before introducing us: "You'll adore her. She's charmingly neurotic. All my friends are. That's why they are my friends." Going back to "Cassandra," she parries the thrust by saying: "Don't forget that the main thing about Cassandra is that she was unfortunately right!" She has at one time or another been called about every kind of monger there is —but never a hate monger.

Criticized as a picker of brains, she readily admits it. The brains are to the best picker and it's too bad there aren't a lot more of them. Often, very often, she appears to regard those within earshot as constituting a lecture audience, and proceeds at length to deliver (in private or semi-private surroundings) what is regarded as a public lecture. What she is really doing is using present company as a sounding-board, in an effort to clarify her own ideas. Dorothy is just doing her homework, that's all. This she does by the exercise of verbalization and, although some say that she is merely in love with the sound of her own voice, others (often too many for her own good) applaud the fact that she has chosen this particular method instead of solitary sessions with her copy book.

If it is usual for her to think out loud, occasionally her tongue shows fatigue before her brain, and her moments of abstraction or "amnesia" are naturally misunderstood. She often flatters her companions by acting as if they were not present at all. Some people prefer another and more easily recognized brand of flattery. She knows how to brush away the cobwebs of small-talk and can often make a new friend in half an hour.

Her friends include German poets, Viennese actresses, Russian pianists, French counts, English novelists, and Italian patriots; cabinet members, economists, political theorists, editors, farmers, artists, artisans, professional humorists, agrarians, fellow journalists, and exiles of every breed; not to mention any number of common-or-garden Americans allergic both to politics and the arts and hardly to be classified as "charmingly neurotic."

About 2 A.M. it's amusing to see her dash a fresh Scotch into her glass and hear her say: "Come on, let's get tight"—when she knows perfectly well she has already had enough. But she never really gets "tight" because, although she prefers to take it, she can also leave it, and rarely has a drink before the pre-dinner cocktail.

SHE forgets things that other people would remember and remembers things that other people would forget. She is in a constant state of agitation about the planet she lives on, the neglect of the "Federalist Papers," the decline of classical education, the blindness of capitalists, the demagoguery and muddle-headedness of radicals, the softness of liberals, and the cruelty of the human race to itself. She is in a constant state of rebellion against all enemies of freedom.

Among her minor worries there is also her figure. About once every six months she stands in front of her looking-glass and says firmly: "This has simply got to stop."

The only thing she really hates is cruelty. She suffers with suffering. The converse of this is her immeasurable impatience with those who whine about things that seem to her trivial. Thus her acquaintances are divided into those who think her callous because she has probably turned a deaf ear to their "troubles" and those who say raptly: "I owe her my life."

She never can remember gossip.

When certain occasions demand it she can be the personification of tact; on others she can appear to be completely devoid of it. She can whip a lagging party together by talk that is witty, wise, and brilliant. Conversely she can also ruin a social gathering by using it to air her political views regardless of the mood and interests of her listeners.

Dorothy Thompson: "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's hens."

Granted that she is a victim of "perpetual emotion," she has turned it to good account: "When I follow my instincts, my feelings, and go where they lead me I am more likely to reach the truth; when I rely exclusively on the rational or cerebral approach to a subject, I'm half the time wrong. My intuition often guides me and my intellect often betrays me."

I remember hearing a Hungarian journalist, who arrived in this country after a dramatic flight from Amsterdam, say: "I am puzzled by the things I hear said about Dorothy Thompson. She is called 'emotional,' 'excitable,' 'unpredictable,' 'indignant.' The terms are used in the sense of reproach, but in Europe these are the qualities we demand of our journalists. It is what makes them good journalists."

Actually her emotions and her intellect are very closely integrated. What she thinks most strongly she also feels most strongly. She is difficult to predict only because she is difficult to catalogue. Considerable belief to the contrary, few publicists have been more consistent. The conservatives think her radical because she does not confuse conservatism with reaction; the radicals accuse her of reactionism when she tilts at their cant. The liberals are appalled at her iciness toward their comfortable fog.

Although she has acquired a reputation for shouting, there are few more quiet-spoken figures on the platform or before the microphone. She

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does some good noisy shouting around the house, and often in other people's houses, but practically never in public. Her ideas resound and her words are dynamic, but when making an address her voice is modulated and controlled. She is coördinated unto the last degree. Furthermore, she is eternally mobilized. Whether she thinks, writes, or speaks, there is an uncanny coherence and integration about her. Even her apparent inconsistencies have a strange logic. She knows the meanings of words and her memory is phenomenal. She is truly creative in the sense that when she begins something she has no idea how it will end. She ought to write more books and fewer columns.

NEWSPAPERS, by and large, give her a pain. She reads them with great rapidity and apparent superficiality, skipping all items that do not concern or interest her. Among these are sports, personals, and "human interest" stories. Her reading is hawk-like—she looks and she pounces. Her greatest journalistic gift is to see the connections between things. She marks and clips newspapers and assembles clippings that have no apparent interlocking connection. But she will often perceive that there is a connection, and that taken all together they plot a pattern. If she often sees things "in advance," it is because she sees them when they actually happen. She sees implications. She is inclined to disdain advice, even if it is good advice.

Clare Luce called her the Molly Pitcher of the Maginot Line (and was in turn called the Fisher Body of Politics), but her approach to the international scene is more in the manner of Sherlock Holmes. "The way to find out the truth is to ask oneself the right questions in the first place," she says. "The truth is all round us —the truth about what is and what is bound to be—but we do not observe or analyze it with sufficient concentration." She is forever asking herself: "Why did so and so say this? Why is this statement or document phrased in exactly this way? For whom or against what is it designed? How does this event connect with that previous event?"

She skims magazines and new books, but when she reads she reads with a terrible thoroughness, and her books with their underscorings and marginal notations are a record of running conversations with the author. If a book does not evoke this stimulation she never finishes it, unless it is a romantic novel or mystery story read for sheer anodyne or relaxation.

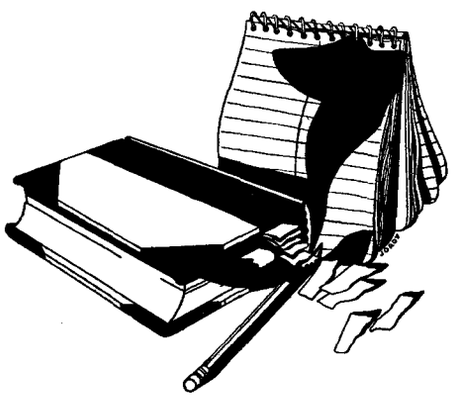
She is a worker, and recreation for her is most often only a change of work. She dislikes all physical exercise, except housework and gardening, which she likes very much indeed. On a vacation she will take out the sewing-machine and go to town with it. Her capacity for enjoyment makes you think of a little girl going to her first party, but long stretches of solitude never give her the jitters. Frequently she laughs until the tears run right out of her eyes.

Dorothy Thompson "came of age" in Europe, and therefore cannot be judged by purely American, or isolationist, standards. Yet long residence abroad has not dispelled her American candor and Europeans consider her the very prototype of Americanism. In Europe she learned her trade and expanded her political philosophy. From Europe she derived her impeccable taste in dress and decoration, her receptivity to physical comforts, her prodigious flair for living. She made her first journalistic scoop not in New York, nor in Berlin, but in the drizzle of Mr. DeValera's Dublin. Freud must have fallen for her line; he loaned her $500 to cover the Pilsudski revolution in Warsaw.

Her childhood was spent in what was really an English parsonage, although it was situated in upstate New York. This may partially explain the high esteem in which she is held in England and in Canada. It is natural that she feels herself most at home in New England for, though she is indubitably a progressive, she has exceptional respect for tradition, and is always looking for the link between past and future.

Many people have sought to "explain" Dorothy Thompson. She is a minister's daughter who has "reacted"; she is over-compensating for an inferiority complex; she is a feminist who is out to beat men at their own game; she is a Carrie Nation whose phobia is fascism and whose hatchet is the pen; she tried to outtalk Sinclair Lewis and never got turned off.

The parsonage upbringing is probably the most important fact about her. It gave her an ineradicable strain of Puritanism, which is without bitterness or superiority. She shuns unpaid bills, untruthfulness, shrewdness. She is without cynicism, and her fidelities are of the highest. She loves Jesus. That is literally and simply true. She has a deep religious instinct that permeates all her best writing. She believes in the existence of a moral law as precise in its logic as mathematics. She believes that the expressions and institutions of morality change but that fundamental imperatives do not. She is intolerant of evil. She can be very hard on herself. If she does something mean or unkind she is genuinely sorry, to the point of childlike penitence and self-disgust.



She is likely to make exorbitant demands on others, but never more than she would make under the same circumstances on herself. Like all well-adjusted human beings, she has her blind spots, and, superficially, can be extremely inconsiderate.

She has periodic orgies of cooking and always wishes the dishes on her servants' nights out. "It's no holiday if you come back to a dirty sink," she says.

IF you would know the real Dorothy Thompson, don't turn to the smart-alec interviewer who saw her once when she had a toothache, or the disgruntled New Dealer, or the extreme left-winger or extreme right-winger, or the has-been Career Woman who dyes her hair, or the radio announcer who sounds the "g" in Badoglio. Instead ask her friends of twenty years, her cook or her secretary, or the man who deals out groceries in the general store in Barnard, Vermont, or the carpenter's daughter she is sending through normal school, or the Yale boy she picked up in the dining-car and told the facts of life, or the brother journalists who used to ruin her at poker in the old respectable days of the Adlon long before Hitler put her on the front page. Winston Churchill has his ideas too. Or you might even ask her new husband, Maxim Kopf, and hear him say: "Everything about Dorothy is extremely simple."

Her husband, who is wise and quiet and yet of a delicious Czech gayety, has observed something. She *is* simple, and utterly guileless. The numerous attempts to explain her by asking what she is up to all run completely off the track. She is up to exactly what she is doing, writing, or saying, and up to nothing else whatsoever. She has no ulterior motives and surprisingly little ambition. She is constantly amazed at her fame, and certainly enjoys it, but is equally certain

(*Please turn to page* 27)

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Soviet Rapport with Religion?

PEOPLE, CHURCH AND STATE IN MODERN RUSSIA. By Paul B. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

AS late as 1943 President Kalinin of the USSR declared: "We believe that religion is a misguiding institution and struggle against it by education. But since religion still grips considerable sections of the population and some people are deeply religious, we cannot combat it by ridicule." This is perhaps as significant a commentary as any on the Soviet Government's current attitude toward the conflict between the fundamental Marxist position on religion and the religious resurgence in wartime Russia.

How is the Western observer to reconcile the Soviet war on the "opium of the people" with the "stupendous event of Stalin giving audience to the Head of the Church"? How can the Orthodox Church aim to be the church of the Russian people, not the church of the Soviet state? Mr. Anderson explains it all in this clear, apparently objective study.

Even fifteen years ago, he tells us, the Soviet Government was in no position to welcome a revival of Russian culture and the religious factors of that culture. Soviet socialism was not strong enough to offset the feudo-capitalist influence of the old culture. But education, socialist construction, and the purging of un-socialist (Stalinist) elements out of the population and the ideology of the Soviet Union have changed the situation. As a practical working out of the dialectic process, the Government now recognizes certain aspects of religion as an enrichment of the people's culture and "a stimulus to their activity in war as in peace."

The Government, says the author, "probably takes full account of the risk of a revival of religion, but knows from experience how to handle such a revival, if it should tend toward disloyalty or, regardless of loyalty, should threaten to assume a position of power in the ideology of the people in conflict with the official ideology of atheism." The Government, incidentally, holds title to the ecclesiastical property wrecked by the Nazi invaders. But it is the worshippers who paid the compulsory insurance on church buildings. It will be interesting to see who will collect the insurance and who will rebuild the wrecked property.

"People, Church and State in Modern Russia" is "not a history, but rather an effort at understanding the interrelationships between people, church and state, as they have developed since 1917." In this effort the author seems remarkably fair and unbiased. He first integrates the problem of religion in Russia with its changing historical background—a background clearly and concisely outlined. He then approaches the problem from the Soviet point of view, orienting events and developments to the unchanging Soviet philosophy of dialectical materialism. Finally, he analyzes the factors in Soviet philosophy, tradition, and contemporary political trends that, in his opinion, offer a working basis for our coöperation with Russia.

This is no mere academic treatise for Mr. Anderson. He has known Russia and the Russians first-hand since 1917. He saw the revolutionary demonstrations in Russia that year. He even attended the historic Soviet at Smolny Institute on November 7. His welfare and editorial work for the YMCA has kept him in close and continuous touch with Russians of all classes and their political and religious leaders.

Mr. Anderson calls his concluding chapter "A Christian Basis for Coöperation with Russia." He thinks Christian-Soviet understanding should become "mutual and real. It is to be hoped that this two-way passage will soon be open for exchange of spiritual and theological goods, as well as the instruments of science, war, and of politics."

Certainly Mr. Anderson is going about it the right way to help promote such an exchange. His dispassionate attitude will make a far stronger appeal to the fair-minded in the non-Soviet world than the usual panegyrics of Party-line apologists. His analysis of the religious situation in Russia is based on the premise that there are, and will remain, certain fundamental differences between Soviets and Christians, especially their beliefs regarding God and man. Why not go on from there, he asks? The results of Soviet-Christian coöperation "will be credited by the Marxist to the inner dialectic of historic processes, and by Christians to the creative hand of God."

Here is a volume that throws a good deal of light without generating heat. In a book about the Soviet Union, that is to be applauded.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT WRITERS SAY ABOUT BOOKS

This week's quiz is the inspiration of A. L. Phillips, of Mayville, North Dakota. Can you identify the fifteen quotations about books with the writers who penned them? Allowing 7 points for each correct answer, a score of 56 is par, 70 is very good, and 84 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 23.

1. On bokes for to rede I me delyte. ( ) Bacon
2. Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
   From my own library, with volumes that
   I prize above my dukedom. ( ) Belloc
3. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,
   and some few to be digested. ( ) Carlyle
4. Thou art alive still while thy book doth live
   And we have wits to read and praise to give. ( ) Chaucer
5. The true University of these days is a collection of
   Books. ( ) Dickinson
6. Never read any book that is not a year old. ( ) Emerson
7. The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
   And all the sweet serenity of books. ( ) Jonson
8. Show me the books he loves and I shall know
   The man far better than through mortal friends. ( ) Lang
9. There is no frigate like a book
   To take us lands away. ( ) Longfellow
10. A classic is something everybody wants to have read
    and nobody wants to read. ( ) Mitchell
11. A jollie goode Booke whereon to looke is better to
    me than Golde. ( ) Shakespeare
12. When others fail him, the wise man looks
    To the sure companionship of books. ( ) Stevenson
13. I go to bed with backward looks
    At my dear land of Story-books. ( ) Twain
14. There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral
    book. Books are well written, or badly written.
    That is all. ( ) Wilde
15. When I am dead, I hope it may be said,
    "His sins were scarlet, but his books were read." ( ) Wilson

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Giving Hitler the "Business"

VIA DIPLOMATIC POUCH. By Douglas Miller. With a Foreword by William L. Shirer. New York: Didier. 1944. 248 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

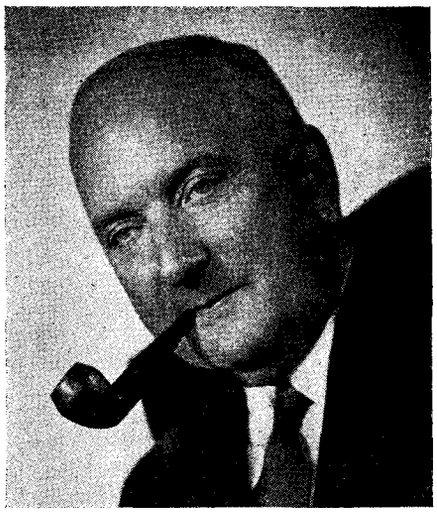
THE discerning author of "You Can't Do Business with Hitler" has dug into the same source material for "Via Diplomatic Pouch": his confidential studies and reports as U. S. Commercial Attaché in Berlin during the early years of the Nazi regime. Douglas Miller's first book, which appeared in June, 1941, came as something of a revelation; it clinched the argument against Americans who still thought business could be done with the National Socialist Reich. His second book is in the nature of a reminder; it goes back to Nazi origins in order to inform Americans afresh of the kind of German Government they are fighting and to prepare them for the job of working out a replacement.

This is surely a laudable motive. But Mr. Miller has not been able to infuse "Via Diplomatic Pouch" with the exciting quality he put into "You Can't Do Business with Hitler." He is just as astute and scholarly. His writing is as smooth and lucid. His judgment seems as level-headed and objective. But most of what he wrote in 1931-37 for the secret files of the State Department is academic now and more than a shade dated and incomplete. Blame it on the war.

Mr. Miller pictures National Socialism on the make. In November, 1931, more than a year before Hitler took power, he regarded the Nazi Party as Germany's strongest, its "inclusion" in the Government as inevitable. Once the inevitable happened, he kept close watch on the trends; anti-semitism, racialism, sterilization, propaganda, etc. But as commercial attaché, Mr. Miller gave his deepest interest to the Nazi economic program. He followed its autarchic unfolding with sharp eyes, sent home a mine of information. He saw the goal of national self-sufficiency as part of a larger scheme, touching all phases of German life, to centralize authority in the hands of a chosen few. He emphatically disagreed with those who looked for a speedy breakdown of the new government.

In April, 1934, Mr. Miller saw what then seemed a "long-distance" objective emerging from the feverish Nazi effort: "the expansion of German territory and growth of the German race until it . . . dominates the entire globe." He warned that "the rearming of Germany in the air is proceeding at a rapid rate"—with the aid of U. S. airplane parts. He said that Adolf Hitler's men would hesitate at no duplicity or insanity to achieve their aims. By October, 1937, the commercial attaché had become acutely impressed with the Reich's preparations for an immense military adventure. Prophetically he wrote: "It is not human nature for a country to come too close to a great effort and then fail to undertake it."

"Via Diplomatic Pouch" is an impressive witness to a diplomat-economist's perspicacity. It is larded with a good deal of technical business observation—reports on the German tobacco and cotton markets in 1934, the various Nazi foreign trade tricks, etc. —which may well be dry going for lay readers. On the basis of the commercial attaché's reports, Washington must have been much better informed of the German drift, in pre-war days, than most people realized. But when all credit is given, Mr. Miller's information on what the Nazis did to Germany is only the important first half of what Americans should know. The important second half is what the Nazis have done to Europe. When the data are available for that story, Mr. Miller ought to sharpen his pencils and get busy. He could do it justice.



—*Bachrach*

Douglas Miller

Indian Freedom and World Security

THE PEOPLE OF INDIA. By Kumar Goshal. New York: Sheridan House. 1944. 359 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

HERE is a welcome addition to the growing number of books on India, an indication that, although India has slid off the front page headlines, it is still a major concern of the American conscience. For it is a truism that a majority of Americans do realize that, even if Japan and Germany can be defeated without the full mobilization of the Indian people, a durable peace cannot be established unless and until India achieves her freedom, the only solution of her real as well as attributed problems. To serve the contemporary purpose, Abraham Lincoln has to be globalized to have meant that this *world* cannot long endure part free and part slave. A reiteration of that theme is, in a nutshell, the message of the book.

"The People of India" is divided into four parts, the first two of which are devoted to the history of India. In some 123 pages, the author strives to recapture India's past, from 5,000 B.C. to 1857 A.D., from the Indus civilization recently uncovered at Mohenjo-Daro near Karachi to the so-called Sepoy Mutiny. The effort, therefore, is necessarily sketchy, but none the less praiseworthy, since it provides the reader with a much-needed background and prepares him for the pages directly dealing with the present controversy between the Nationalists and the British bureaucrats.

The third part of the book begins with the period wherein the old East India Company relinquishes the rule of India to the British Crown, and brings the reader up to the eve of the Second World War. This, together with the second part, forms a splendid resume of Indo-British relationships based primarily on economic exploitation. The final part of the book deals with such familiar topics as the Cripps mission and India's mighty contributions to the Allied cause in this struggle against fascism.

The author makes his particular point of view clear from the very beginning of the book. On page 5, for instance, he says: "Fundamentally, wars are fought for economic reasons; and social and political relationships among individuals and groups, and between rulers and the ruled, are also founded on the economy of a country." And again, on page 9, he asserts: "The basic problem of India is an economic one." Here he agrees with Palme Dutt and follows the latter's analysis of the Indian problem. This is Mr. Goshal's strong point, since it gives him a frame of reference. The admirable chapters on India's industrialization and the consequent trade union movement in that

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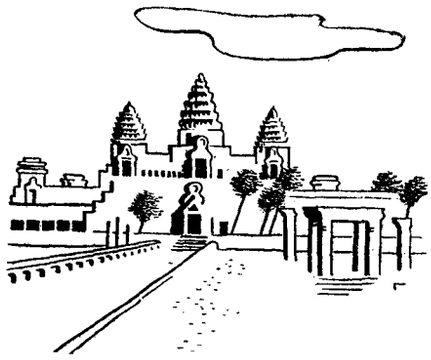
country can also be attributed to Mr. Goshal's preoccupation with economic determinism.

But the Marxian angle is also a weak point of the book. It imposes too rigid a frame of reference on the author to interpret fairly and squarely the uncommon Indian movement led, for a long time, by the unique personality of Mahatma Gandhi. Some of the explanations of recent events, therefore, sound farfetched to a student of India.

Over-emphasis on the economic also brings about one great disappointment of the book. The title talks about the *people* of India, and so the reader would naturally expect to find within the covers of the book a sustained narration of the Indian way of life, and folklore and folk habits, a description of how the Indian people



live and eat and think. But, although there is plenty of history and politics and economics in the book—and all of it is indeed of a superior kind—there is little sociology. But in spite of this defect, the book remains to be a distinct service toward the cause of Indo-American understanding.

Anthology of the Uncanny

GREAT TALES OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL. Edited by Herbert A. Wise and Phyllis Fraser. New York: Random House. 1944. 1080 *pp.* $2.95

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THE editors of this anthology introduce it by telling us they have sought to produce a definitive volume, and it may as well be admitted at once that they have not come far short of this mark. To be sure it can be criticized on the ground that only one story (Carl Stephenson's "Leiningen Versus the Ants"—and God knows how that got in here) represents anything other than the work of the best-known authors who have experimented in the genre. Even so, one may regret the complete exclusion of E. T. W. Hoffman and Barbey D'Aurebilly; nor is Gouverneur Morris represented.

But assailing any anthology of stories on this ground is a singularly cheap form of criticism, usually intended to show the reviewer's superior knowledge of the subject. The only thing that really counts is what got in and how nearly it meets the specifications.

Well, what got in here? A good specimen from Isak Dinesen, a couple of Kiplings, a pair of H. G. Wells, one of the very best from John Collier, Saki, and Algernon Blackwood of course, a Sheriden LeFanu that quite makes up for the absence of Hoffmann, and bless the anthologists' hearts, Edward Lucas Whites's "Lukundoo." All these and many more are quite beyond cavil.

In fact only a few of the selections are really questionable. Thomas Hardy is apparently included because he was Thomas Hardy. George Moore once remarked that no author had so well succeeded in making pathos ridiculous and on the sample here one might add that none had so capably made horror comic. H. P. Lovecraft appears to have been included because his cult value will boost up sales; the two stories by which he is represented consist, as usual with him, in elaborately setting a stage on which nothing happens, and his overloaded style is hardly of a piece with the straightforward story-telling in the rest of the volume.

For this is the backbone of the whole work—the fact that all the stories, or almost, are good tales. It is easy enough to wrap an anthology around a single subject. A good anthology of fiction is quite another matter. The temptation is almost irresistible for the editor to become a collector of curiosities, to include stories which present some unusual idea or treatment though they have no other merit than originality. This temptation the editors have wisely resisted. If they have "bought names" as the editors of popular magazines are supposed to, they have at least secured the advantage of the practice in getting thoroughly competent craftsmanship all along the line.

With the exceptions noted above—and possibly not all readers will agree that they are exceptions—there is not a story in the collection that does not have the breath of life, achieve the full suspension of disbelief that is so particularly important in the type of fiction where nobody is going to believe a word of it ten minutes after the show is over. The thing is as difficult to do well as a musical comedy and probably bears somewhat the same relation to a civilization in which we are forced by a desperate war against over-rationalization.

That is a question for social historians; with regard to our present leg-of-mutton the important facts are how successful the authors have been and how careful the anthologists at putting together stories which achieved the new approach and even the surprise ending. The anthologists clearly deserve a great deal of the credit. Even using the well-known authors to whom they have limited themselves it would have been quite easy to go in heavily for lycanthropy which has been a bore even since the movies got hold of Dracula, but the two tales that start out as though they were going to deal with that hackneyed theme both turn into something quite different and much better. In other words it is an anthology for the *afficianado* as well as for the amateur reader, but the latter need not expect that he is going to find every book of uncanny tales as good as this one.

To Her Watch

By Sarah Stephens

YOUR all but soundless murmur at my wrist
Is instant as a pulse; your narrow dial,
Fixed on the timepiece stars as they defile
Through astronomic space, appoints a tryst
And clocks his path to me as, through the mist
Of Autumn dusk, he climbs the ghostly stile,
Walks ever toward me, mile on lengthening mile,
Moves toward the moment we shall not resist.

And when he comes—more heedful of the small
Stress of the hypermetric heart than of
Your stellar count—be you the guarantor
That we shall stand enchanted in that hour
To watch the harvest moon rise punctual
Above my rooftree; set the tempo of our love.

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"WHY WAS I KILLED?"

ONE of our readers, C. B. Haddon, of Louisiana State University, has forwarded a letter received by his son, serving in the Southwest Pacific, commenting on a recent *SRL* editorial dealing with the danger of disillusion and cynicism and its corrosive effects on the making of tomorrow. The letter says in part:

> It is impossible to maintain the high glow of idealism that seems to be the requisite feature of the soldier in the eyes of the writer of that editorial, when one sees how all the sacrifice one is making is being totally wasted by the stupidity of the leaders back home—the politically-minded Congressmen who can see no further than the polling box on the corner, the men in Detroit who persecute an honest woman because she is half Chinese . . . the list could be endless. Biggest, of course, is the realization that we are fighting for nothing, because there seems to be no hope of a peace that can mean the possibility of a satisfactory world in the future. A third and tremendously big factor is that the average American soldier is not fighting for a Cause. He is fighting because he has to, because he is confused and can't think of a way out. . . .

The letter came just as were in the midst of reading Rex Warner's "The Return of the Traveler,"* a philosophic novel attempting to meet the question of a soldier who, in the not-unfamiliar fictional device, returns from the dead to ask, "Why was I killed?" The letter gave the novel additional force; we read the rest of the book with heightened anxiety, for the ultimate question posed by the letter is the same as the one that forms the central motivation of this novel.

We felt, too, the anticipation of affirmation; for a long time we had regarded Rex Warner as the possessor of tools of writing and thinking as efficient and proficient as are being used today by any novelist in the English language. In fact, he came pretty close to being our favorite contemporary novelist, largely on the strength of "The Wild Goose Chase" and "The Professor," both of them novels of ideas, cool and discerning pieces of literary precision lacking in any of the metallic quality sometimes the automatic partner of impeccable craftsmanship. More than that: Warner was no showcase novelist; what he wrote he wrote because that was the only instrument available to him to help shape the ideas he felt so strongly. In "The Professor," a powerful and intense piece of mature indignation against the weakness of one type of intellectual confronted by the engulfing presence of the wave of the future, to use a now-discredited and somewhat ancient metaphor, Rex Warner proved his ability to blend ideas with action. Thus we had the satisfying and fairly rare picture of a writer who could lend suspense and story structure to a philosophic novel.

"The Return of the Traveler" is an extension of Warner's technique into the realm of the fictional essay, for although the book is announced and presented as a novel, it would be more accurate to describe it as a series of philosophic essays having more to do with war and peace in general than the particular war in which the globe is now involved. The advantage, of course, is that a pattern of universals takes shape which can serve as a basis for abstract discussion of human and material values, as with Greek dialogues. The disadvantage is that there is a corresponding sense of uneasiness and lack of fulfillment in considering the broad and central question inspiring the book: why must men fight and die *today?*

There are no definitive answers in this book, only a series of brief portraits of a small group of people to whom the question is put by a priest. In a reverse sequence technique inevitably associated with "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Warner examines the answers put up by each member of the group in the light of his own experience, delving into the individual lives just long enough to catch a sidewise but cross-section view of the forces and influences that shape their minds. It is significant that no one of them manages to provide the real, the reassuring answer. Significant because it is clear that Warner has used this group as his symbol of an imperfect humanity, a representative collection of well-meaning human beings who, in their falure to understand or comprehend the meaning of the forces strangling them, succeed only in intensifying and accelerating their doom.

We are back, then, to where we were when we began. Mr. Warner's soldier is given no satisfaction save the unbelievably full and "unutterably splendid" awareness of the meaning of life, with all its phenomena and all its glory, all its futility and all its misery. The reader's satisfaction must likewise be measured in terms of philosophical exploration rather than in terms of specific information or direct impressions.

Our own quarrel with the book is that the overtones and undertones of negativism are quite as inconclusive as the answers themselves. It seems to us that Mr. Warner has accumulated all the despair of history and compressed it into one book; as such, it is a first-rate accomplishment in philosophical reflection. But as a novel of and for *today,* we are afraid the book is lacking in much that is valuable or cogent. Certainly it lacks the biting urgency that identified "The Professor" with the immediate moment. There is a certain danger in becoming over-profound and over-philosophical; things that are real and simple sometimes vanish just because they seem too real and simple to be true. The search for the eternal verities can crowd out the immediate tangibles.

This is no attempt to over-simplify the war or to divorce it from history. All we are trying to say is that we still believe that all the doors aren't closed. We believe that men who turn away are turning away from themselves. What we are fighting for is not a full-blown millennium to be delivered in a bright new package the morning after the war stops; all we are fighting for is a *chance* to use our own intelligence or what there is of it in cleaning up the debris of a planet and in so arranging our lives that we can at least move in the direction of positive goals. If we permit our ideas and hopes to curdle now, we slough off our individual failures to larger designs we find it convenient not to comprehend. Victory at worst and at best gives us nothing but a chance to make good. More than that no man or nation can ask. N. C.

*RETURN OF THE TRAVELER. By Rex Warner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 208 pp. $2.00.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The editors wish to thank the large number of readers who have expressed their approval of the position of The Saturday Review *in its controversy with the United States Post Office over "Strange Fruit." The volume of mail was the largest pertaining to anything appearing in* The Saturday Review *in the recent history of the magazine.*—THE EDITORS.

SRL and the Post Office

SIR: As virtually a charter subscriber to *The Saturday Review,* I must express to you and your editorial board my warmest admiration of the stand which you have taken in connection with "Strange Fruit" incident. Your statement of your position in the May 20 number of the *Review* is magnificent and is in the line of the great tradition. Such words give one a tremendous lift in spirit, for courage and high speaking are things that we sorely need in these days.

You have discharged the very highest office of a journal devoted to literary criticism and I wish to send you congratulations on behalf of myself and of a circle of friends to whom I have read with a conscious thrill your editorial setting out the correspondence on this matter.

E. P. SCARLETT, M.D.
Calgary Associate Clinic
Calgary, Alberta.

SIR: I want to congratulate you—and right heartily—on your fine statement regarding the Post Office and "Strange Fruit."

ALFRED A. KNOPF.
New York 22, N. Y.

SIR: I want to commend you on the stand you are taking in the matter of the novel "Strange Fruit," by Lillian Smith. I have two reasons for believing that your challenge to the Post Office Department at Washington will be universally supported.

In the first place, if the common people are fit to elect their officials and rulers (in a sense), they ought to be fit to choose what literature they are to read. This statement does not rule out the necessity of prohibiting the circulation of pornographic literature which is definitely offensive to all.

In the second place, I have found nowhere a better answer to the quibbler who always has this question to ask when equalization of rights for Negroes and whites is being considered, "What about inter-marriages?" than is given in "Strange Fruit." This is a book which every member of our white American churches should read. I commend it very highly.

ALBERT W. KAUFFMAN, D.D.
First Congregational Church,
Alpena, Mich.

"Master Bobby is in charge of our Juvenile Department."

SIR: Your forthright and penetrating challenge of the ruling on advertisements for "Strange Fruit" stimulated my admiration for *SRL* no end. I write as the recently elected President of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice. I mention this latter for I shall make one of the first acts of my new office that of recommending that the Editor of our News Letter call attention to your letter in the May 20 issue. This defense of civil liberties should have as widespread recognition as possible.

KENNETH C. WALKER.
First Unitarian Church,
Albany, N. Y.

SIR: If *The Saturday Review* is to be suspended from the mails because it carries an advertisement for Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit," put me down as one subscriber who will be willing to forfeit an issue or two for the cause, even though I will miss reading the magazine.

Do not neglect, however, to send me one of the explanatory post cards. I would like to paste it inside the cover of my copy of "Strange Fruit" as an interesting sidelight on our times for my great-grandchildren when they read the book years from now.

MARY VIADRO.
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR: I have just finished your editorial in the issue of May 20. It is superb—and it seems peculiarly fitting that it should appear in the same issue as "Are We Responsible for Our Time?" Of course, that was purely accidental but I like the idea!

HELEN R. PAGE.
Fulton, Mo.

SIR: Your editorial of May 20 is a knockout. You deserve compliments galore.

Incidentally, the economic and financial atmosphere of your periodical does not agree with me but you are stimulating and scholarly and broadening.

RALPH FORDON.
Detroit, Mich.

SIR: May I commend your excellent editorial in answer to the communication from the United States Postal Department? Your editorials have always interested me for I felt them to be very pertinent and the answer to many of today's problems. From the psychological viewpoint they indicate an honesty and realism which are so badly needed today.

Such editorials as yours encourage us to defend more signally our rights and to express them as you do, in no uncertain terms. I do not believe we can compromise one iota with the forces which are rampant today and I am sure you feel the same way. Again, my congratulations!

FREDREICK G. NIEMAND, M.D.
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: As one of the 40,000 subscribers to *The Saturday Review,* count on me to back you up one hundred per cent in the stand you have taken and I believe I am safe in saying that the 39,999 other subscribers, no doubt, would also back your position.

Keep up the fight for free speech and a free press because it seems that that is what a lot of the boys have been told that is what they are fight-

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ing for on all our battlefronts. Maybe they are being kidded too.

KENNETH A. LANE.

Bergenfield, N. J.

SIR: Your letter to Goldman is a masterpiece. A very brave and noble stand, indeed. My office reports that there's a helluva lot of that 4-letter word (+ ing) going on in the Post Office, anyway, so who are they to squawk?

L. W. WILSON.

Vancouver, B. C., Can.

SIR: If you've got a fight on your hands with the Post Office to protect the integrity of *SRL*—and the cause of literature, I'll give up cigarettes for the next five years—my only vice—$61.20 a year—$308.75 five years—and you can have that money for a battle, if you have one.

GLADYS BULKA.

Hamden 14, Conn.

Our Apologies

SIR: The article "How High Will the Price Be?" in your edition of May 27, should have appeared not as authored by me but by my son, Louis J. Halle, Jr., the suffix not to be omitted. I am further concerned because I am known to be of differing belief with his statement that the concept of original sin seems undeniable. My point of view, whether correct or not, but of fundamental importance, abundantly supported, is contrariwise in that the doctrine of original sin only pertains to pathological cases. With much else in his article I am very proud to be in accord.

LOUIS J. HALLE, SR.

New York City.

Out of Print Books

SIR: Harry Hansen in his review of John T. Frederick's "Out of the Midwest" [*SRL*, May 13, 1944] points out that "of Sherwood Anderson and Ruth Suckow, he (Mr. Frederick) expresses his high opinion of their work as literature of permanent value." And yet it is interesting to note that two months ago when I ordered copies of Ruth Suckow's "Iowa Interiors" and "Children and Older People," collections of short stories which I consider superior to her novels, I was informed that the books were no longer available from the publishers. Possibly Mr. Anderson's work has fared a little better, though I feel that Miss Suckow's work is on as high a plane even if not as well-known.

The time has come, I believe, when publishers and people who read books should consider the problem of maintaining in print American books of permanent literary value. My own idea for such a program would be patterned on the Modern Library and Everyman's, but containing only works of American origin. Our American classics should be preserved and made readily accessible so that they may be discovered and read and studied and enjoyed not only by ourselves but by our growing generations. How better than by a program of grouping them into one widely available "library," selected principally on the basis of high literary value and permanency, but including our minor as well as major writers, both past and contemporary? I do not refer to any temporary scheme of cheap reproductions for quick sale to be as quickly forgotten about, but to a steadily growing body of books, intelligently selected, substantially bound, and printed with imagination, on a level with and priced about the same as the Modern Library and Everyman's. The Modern Library has accomplished much by publishing not only such authors as Lardner, O'Neil, Brooks, Hemingway, Anderson, Dos Passos, Glasgow, Lewis, Canfield, but also Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, James, Crane, Hawthorne, and Mark Twain. It seems to me, however, that much more could be achieved by a project devoted solely to the publication of American literature. Such a project should go far to remedy the situation in which European books of lesser value find a place in our reprint libraries while our American classics are either out of print or are available only in uninspired high school editions or volumes beyond the reach of the average reader who wishes to own a comprehensive library of our literature.

JOHN W. MINTON.

Sidney, Ohio.

Objects to Tone of Review

SIR: No one wishes to deny Horace Gregory the right to like or dislike whatever he pleases; but the tone in which he reviews Mark Van Doren's "The Seven Sleepers" in the *SRL* is a phenomenon which ought not to go uncommented upon. Rarely indeed has so astonishing a mixture of snobbishness, superciliousness, and easy patronage, of none-too-well-concealed contempt and, worst of all, of a kind of pontifical arrogance which is always vulgar no matter who employs it—rarely has such a tasteless piece been passed off as a review in a reputable journal. If intended as a review, it is negligible, for Mr. Gregory deliberately carries the vice of quoting out of context to its nicest pitch; if as criticism, it is fatuous and deserves no refutation; needs none, in fact. Mr. Gregory assures the world that Mr. Van Doren's book will not "unhinge the frailest mind," nor cause the "banks of the Hudson to roar with flame" because it is published at the same time as Stanley Kunitz' "Passport to a War." Who said it would? Who wanted it to? Is Mr. Gregory trying to be funny? Or is he vaguely disturbed by Mr. Van Doren's "earnestness," his "industriousness," and his "good will," to employ his own terms of pat-on-the-back superiority? Maybe Mr. Van Doren *is* better than Mr. Gregory wants to admit, but Mr. Gregory doesn't know just why. If he had had nothing more sensible to say, he ought to have kept silent.

JOSÉ GARCIA VILLA.

RUDOLPH VON ABELE.

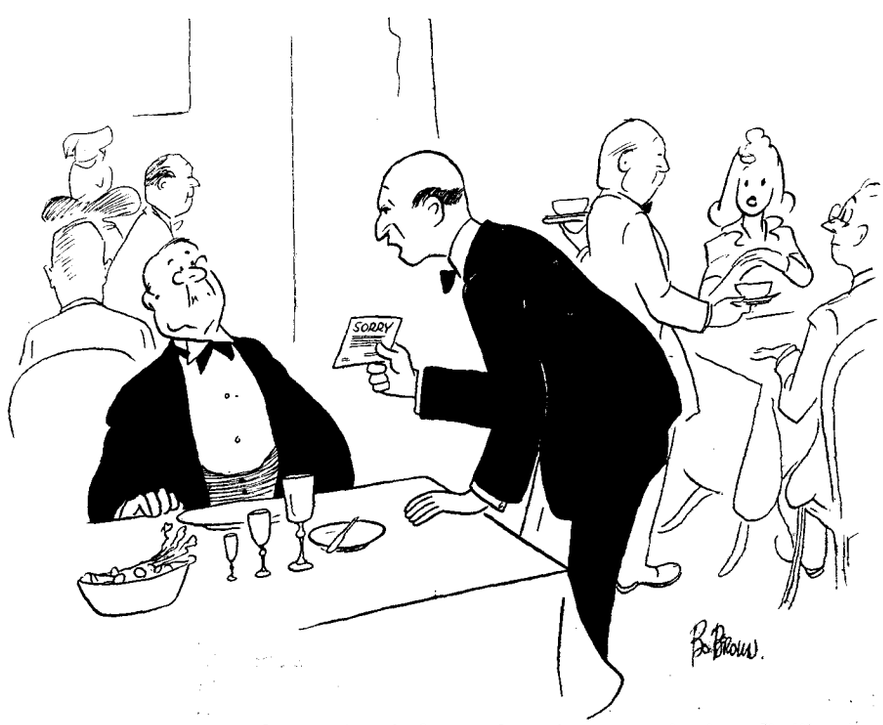
Columbia University.

Spoonerisms

SIR: "Kinquering congs" has nothing on this: A young aspirant to the stage was at last given a short, but important sentence to be breathlessly announced at a dramatic moment.

When the time came, the youth rushed on to say:

"Sire! the swoon has queened!"—*Astonishment.*



"I gave your order to the chef, sir—here is your rejection slip!"

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The second try. "Sire! the quoon has sweened!"—*Bewilderment.*

Again. "Sire! the sween has cooned!"—*Consternation.*

Another try. "Sire!" The soon has sweened!"—*Despair.*

All set. "Sire! The keen has sooned!" Or, "Sire! the seen has quoned!"

And so on *ad infinitum.*

DAISY BEDELL.

New York, N. Y.

"Little Willie"

SIR: Add Little Willie Lore:

Little Willie, mean as hell,
Pushed his sister down a well;
Later mother, drawing water,
Said, "Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

CHARLES J. GUSSMAN.

East Portchester, Conn.

What Price Civility!

SIR: Even in the far off South Seas, Robert Louis Stevenson couldn't escape the demands of autograph hunters. But when one of these uninvited correspondents showed unusual thoughtfulness, he unbent quite royally. The following letter is proof:

"VAILIMA, UPOLU, SAMOA.

You have sent me a slip to write on; you have sent me an addressed envelope; you have sent it me stamped; many have done as much before. You have spelled my name right, and some have done that. In one point you stand alone: you have sent me the stamps for my post office, not the stamps for yours. What is asked with so much consideration I take a pleasure to grant. Here, since you value it, and have been at the pains to earn it by such unusual attentions—here is the signature,

"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"For the one civil autograph collector, Charles R."

FREDERICK CARRUTHERS.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Suggestions Solicited

SIR: I wonder if any of you readers can figure this out. According to legend the great Homer died from brooding over his inability to solve the riddle:

What we caught
We threw away.
We kept
What we couldn't catch.

The answer is supposed to be "Fleas," but "Lice" would make it more adaptable to modern slang. Has anyone any other interpretations?

JACK PEARSON.

Washington, D. C.

FIFTH LARGE PRINTING ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A GUIDE FOR THE

Bedevilled

By BEN HECHT

You will enjoy this "exciting flailing and shining book" because it is timely, fiery, full of tart truth"—(*New York Times*) because it is "brilliant, passionate, witty, arrogant . . . bristling with delightful epigrams . . . a cry of defiance to the wolf pack"—(*Chicago Tribune*). "Not only is it a scintillating attack on anti-Semitism and its practitioners" (*New York Post*) it is a brilliant autobiography of a famous author filled with "tales that sparkle and gleam with wit as well as pertinence."—(*New York Times*)

It is a book that Americans need to read—a "spear in the side of ignorance . . . a promise of tomorrow," says Gene Fowler. It is the final passionate word on a question that affects every American today.

Get your copy of this best selling book today. $2.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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TRADE Winds

THOSE HIGH-FLYING SMITH GIRLS—Betty and Lillian—already dominate the best-seller lists; from the present look of things they soon will be first on the court calendars as well. Betty's Cousin Sadie says that the character of Cissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" is a libelous caricature of herself, and that the only thing that will enable her to live the rest of her life in peace is $250,000 damages. Lillian's "Strange Fruit," which has already turned the delicate stomachs of sundry Boston hypocrites, has now engaged the attention of our over-zealous post office authorities, and any number of suits and counter-suits are threatened. This sort of thing will continue until the public finds a way of convincing letter carriers that they are paid to deliver mail and not regulate the country's morals.

Many other of our best publishers and authors are being presented in court in what is assuming the proportions of an epidemic. A sizable section of the literary refugee colony claims to have assisted Etta Shiber in the composition of her thrilling "Paris Underground," and is suing for a share of the royalties. Mr. Lewis R. Linet has hauled Scribner's into court for misrepresenting Arthur Train's "Ephraim Tutt" as non-fiction, and selling it at $3.50 a copy instead of $2.50 or $3.00. He wants restitution for "himself and the other 55,000 readers of the book." What divine providence appointed Lewis R. Linet either to represent the 55,000 persons referred to, or to tell Scribner's what price to set on any one of their publications has not been made clear at this writing.

All this to-do stimulated good old John Sumner to come bounding out of his New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, and work himself into a lather over D. H. Lawrence's "The First Mrs. Chatterley." He had been out of action so long that one court attendant blanched at his reappearance, and, unconsciously plagiarizing Miss Dorothy Parker, exclaimed hoarsely, "My God, I thought he crawled into the woodwork twenty years ago!"

Mr. Sumner, in mid-season form, characterized "Mrs. Chatterley" as "lewd, lascivious, filthy, and disgusting." "A lot of men," he pointed out, "are going to come back from this war just like the man in that book came back from the last one. What kind of an example do you think it is for American women, to suggest that they deliberately go out and get pregnant by a gamekeeper?" Mr. George Joel of the Dial Press, publisher of "The First Mrs. Chatterley," intimated that the problem was not too pressing, since there really are very few gamekeepers in America, but Mr. Sumner paid him no heed.

Magistrate Keutgen, understandably intrigued, decided to read the book himself. Mr. Sumner graciously offered the magistrate his own copy, with some ninety-two passages that he considered obscene carefully underlined. Horace Manges, counsel for Dial Press, didn't think this a good idea at all, whereupon Mr. Sumner produced another copy, saying "This is a virgin copy." "So is the book," snapped alert Attorney Manges, who is paid handsome fees to say things like that. Booksellers, who have stocked reprint editions of other versions of "Lady Chatterley" for the past ten years, were vaguely puzzled by the proceedings. When a final decision in the vital affair is reached, Mr. Sumner and his henchmen presumably will return to the seclusion of their Society for the Suppression of Vice, which must have by this time one of the juiciest collections of lascivious literature and "feelthy" pictures in the world.

In Trade Winds' Utopia there will be a law stipulating one year at hard labor for every self-appointed censor and publicity-crazed nitwit who clutter up the courts with imbecilic suits and complaints at a time when the country is at war, and a harassed judiciary is already burdened with overcrowded calendars. . . .

BEN AMES WILLIAMS'S new novel, "Leave Her to Heaven," the June selection of the Literary Guild, is packed with action, including a murder, a whopping cloudburst in New Mexico, and a forest fire in Maine. There is nothing in it, however, that is going to provoke a tenth as much fan mail as a puzzle about a quantity of cocoanuts that Williams used as a *Deus ex machina* in a short story in the *Saturday Evepost* some years ago. The trouble stemmed from the fact that he propounded the puzzle but neglected to furnish the answer. The day the story appeared in print, Editor Lorimer wired, "For love of Mike, how many cocoanuts? Hell popping around here." Some two thousand letters arrived in the course of the next week. Before turning you loose on this puzzle, I must tell you that one professor at M.I.T. gave it up after a full week's torment. Ben Ames Williams says the record for a correct solution up his way is fifty-four minutes, but Herbert Wise, the horror story specialist, produced the right answer in thirty-five. It took him longer than that to explain how he arrived at it! If you're as good at algebra as I am, I advise you to skip the whole thing. The answer is printed on page 33. Here is the problem:

Five men and a monkey were ship-

"I can't understand what happened to them."

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wrecked on a desert island. They spent the first day gathering the entire local supply of cocoanuts, which they heaped in a great pile.

During the night, one of the men—call him A—decided, in order to avoid argument, to take his share of the cocoanuts that night. He divided the big pile into five equal piles, had one cocoanut left over which he gave to the monkey, took his pile away, and hid it, and put the other four piles back in one big one. Later a second man, Mr. B., awoke with the same thought, divided the pile as he found it into five equal piles, had one cocoanut left over, which he gave to the monkey, hid his own pile, and combined the four remaining piles in one. And Mr. C., and Mr. D., and Mr. E., each with the same thought, each in turn did the same thing, and each one had a cocoanut left over which he gave to the monkey.

In the morning—I suppose, since each felt a sense of guilt, no one commented on the obvious shrinkage overnight—they divided the remaining cocoanuts into five equal piles and had none left over for the monkey, the five piles coming out even.

QUERY: How many cocoanuts were there in the original pile? . . .

THE UNLIKELIEST STORY of the week is relayed from the Pacific Coast by Jess McComas. A noted San Francisco bookseller, in his cups and in a hurry to get home to his deserted bride in Oakland, spotted a ferry about fifteen feet from the Market Street slip. He made a magnificent running broad jump, and landed on the deck like Balaam came through Jerusalem. Pulling himself together, he hiccuped and exulted, "Hot diggety, I made it, didn't I?" "You certainly did," agreed a bystander. "But why didn't you wait? The ferry was just coming in!" . . . Does Margaret Mitchell's visit to her publishers in New York presage a sequel to "Gone with the Wind"? . . . An obscure note in the obituary columns anounced the death of Dr. Eugen Steichen, the Viennese monkey-gland rejuvenation expert. He was the inspiration for one of the biggest fiction successes of the '20s: Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." . . . Did you know that Anya Seton, the author of "Dragonwyck," is the daughter of Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous naturalist? . . . Inmates of the Pentagon Building now refer to themselves as "Chairborne Infantry." . . . A gambler's seven-year-old son, asked to count in school, responded promptly: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king." . . . The Toledo Public Library reports that a Mr. Norman O'Neil returned a volume six weeks overdue. The title of the book was "The Art of Rapid Reading." . . .

HERE IS SOME plain talk from the financial statement of the Curtis Publishing Company: "If we made an additional million dollars we would be able to keep currently only about fifty thousand for stockholders. It is probable that that extra million profit might easily require an extra investment in plant and markets of five million. The risks of a five-million-dollar investment are not justified by a fifty thousand dollar net return." . . . *The American Bar Association Journal* offers the following definitions:

An optimist is a person who thinks the future is uncertain.

A pessimist is a person who is afraid the optimist is right.

A specialist is a man who concentrates more and more on less and less.

A professor is a man whose job it is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor.

A statistician is a man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

A consultant is a man who knows less about your business than you do and gets paid more for telling you how to run it than you could possibly make out of it even if you ran it right instead of the way he told you. . . .

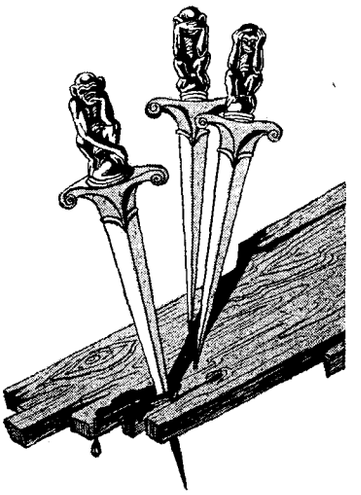
ROBERT ST. JOHN, the famous correspondent, was dining in Chicago's Palmer House recently. A lady at an adjoining table recognized him and said, "Why, there's St. John! I didn't know he was in Chicago!" Her companion was impressed. "St. John, eh?" she hazarded. "He's probably here for the Baptist Convention!"

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Chaucer: "The Legende of Goode Women."
2. Shakespeare: "The Tempest."
3. Bacon: "Of Studies."
4. Jonson: "To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare."
5. Carlyle: "The Hero as a Man of Letters."
6. Emerson: "In Praise of Books."
7. Longfellow: "Morituri Salutamus."
8. S. W. Mitchell: "Books and the Man."
9. Dickinson: "A Book."
10. Twain: "The Disappearance of Literature."
11. John Wilson: "For a Catalogue of Second-hand Books."
12. Andrew Lang: "Old Friends."
13. Stevenson: "The Land of Storybooks."
14. Wilde: "Preface to the Picture of Dorian Gray."
15. Hilaire Belloc: "On His Books."

THE JUNE
CRIME CLUB SELECTION



THE BLACK PATH OF FEAR

by

Cornell Woolrich

author of THE BLACK ANGEL

SHE was killed in Sloppy Joe's as the photographer snapped her picture . . . stabbed by a long knife with a see-no-evil monkey on its jade handle. Every finger pointed to Scotty; even the Chinese shopkeeper lied with exquisite courtesy about the knife Scotty had bought, and only the swarthy woman in the black room believed the photograph would reveal the killer. A dark and perilous journey for an answer—in the negative—that would clear a tortured man of murder. $2.

THE CRIME CLUB

** See back of any new Crime Club mystery for explanation of these symbols.*

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NATIONALISM: THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER

(*Continued from page 6*)

ticized religion. All this was pretty much achieved by the eighteenth century. And then men made the discovery that even this was not enough to fulfil their needs. They discovered that the sovereign state, while it had freed them from religious and feudal tyranny, could itself become the tyrant, that it offered in itself no faith or security, no sense of oneness with others, no sense of something bigger than oneself worth striving for.

And thus opened the era of the militant and democratic nationalisms. The effort to liberate a people from the dynastic power, to unify it inwardly by a common culture and the sense of a common heritage, became the great effort of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and it is still going on. The demos, created by the gathering forces of industrialism, had been appealed to in the struggle against the church and the aristocracy: they now took the slogans of liberty seriously, and made a bid for power in a democracy. The individual sought fiercely to assert his liberties and his natural rights first against the tyrant state, and then against any kind of state. The modern era was upon us, with all its passion for unity and its passion for separateness.

It is the tragedy of our time that nationalism, as we have known it, has not fulfilled the deep psychic needs of men, has not given them the inner security they need, nor created for them the outer security of a warless world. That does not mean that nationalism is by any means dead. We are witnessing today the emergent nationalism of India and China, the renascent nationalism of France and Yugoslavia, the new socialist nationalism of Russia. What is not clear, however, is whether these mark the end of an era or the beginning of one.

As we look back at nationalism's history, with retrospective wisdom, we can lay our fingers on what it was that made nationalism inadequate. There was nothing in the nation-idea itself to resolve the struggle within each people between the acquisitive and the fraternal, the capitalist and the democratic. In fact, through the control which the holders of economic power were able to achieve over the symbols of the time, the symbol of national interest was corrupted and twisted and used more easily against the people than for them. The nationalist idea could be made into what Dr. Samuel Johnson called patriotism: "the last refuge of the scoundrel."

It was still a powerful symbol, however, in war—even when it had lost some of its force internally. But while it was powerful to unify a people in a struggle against another, there was nothing in the idea of nationalism itself which could unify what Arnold Toynbee has called the "parochial states" of the world against aggression and war. And the struggle for economic power, splitting the world into capitalist and socialist lines of direction, gave the fascists exactly the wedge they wanted with which to divide their enemies and make a bid for another world imperium, with its capital at Berlin.

Finally, nationalism has failed to create for men a sense of community. There are some who believe that men had this sense once in the Middle Ages, and that what we need to do is to return to it and restore it. But I find this another form of the Golden Age thinking that crops up most persistently in periods of social transition. I should say that the potentials for a genuine community were to be found in the democratic nationalist movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. I agree with Karl Polanyi's argument, in his "Great Transformation," that it was because we failed to organize our industrialism for human needs rather than for the market, that we did not create a real *society*. And where there is no sense of society within a people, it is almost futile to hope that a transnational society can be created. There are many today who dream of a world community, largely because it is easier to do that than to face the difficult tasks of creating a genuine sense of community within the nation itself.

There may be some hope in the fact that the crisis of nationalism today has become in the barest terms a crisis of survival. If a transitional structure of international order is not created, it will mean the end of nationalism itself. For a world of autonomous nation-states will not survive many more world wars. They can lead only to world chaos, or to a new single world *imperium* under a new type of social system. The greatest hope for the maintenance of the democratic idea during the harsh generations ahead springs from the underground movements in Europe today. Out of the catacombs of Odessa and Sevastopol, the grottos and caves of Yuogslavia, the undergrounds of France and Greece, something new is emerging which may prove for our time the "civil religion" which in the famous chapter in his "Social Contract" Rousseau invoked for his own time. The idea of the nation is in it. But there is also the passion for the mastery of the machine by any social means, the will to have a warless world, and—above all—the determination to create a *society* rather than a haphazard collection of individual wills.

William Morris and the Guild

THE DAY IS COMING. By William Cameron. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 573 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

HERE is a novel based on a wonderful idea—the growth of the socialist movement in England from the days of William Morris to the outbreak of the present war. Its hero, young Arthur Cullen, joins the Guild of English Craftsmen when it was founded in 1887, moves with it from the slums of London to the beautiful Cotswold countryside, and then has to return to London and a life of poverty and disillusionment after the Guild breaks up in 1914. Trained by Morris and his disciples in fine craftsmanship, he finds himself unable to fit into the shoddy commercialism of British factory production. Socialism, which had seemed imminent in Morris's time, is always tantalizingly near but never near enough to be realized. Finally, as an old man, Cullen, disgusted with everything he had once believed in, goes in for what we would call a racket and at last makes enough money to buy the fine furniture and household goods he had always wanted to own.

It is a disappointing life and a disappointing story. The first half of the book, which deals with Morris and the Guild, makes fascinating reading, but the last half, which is mostly concerned with Arthur Cullen's failure to fit into a highly industrialized society, is less interesting.

Perhaps a new genre, which would combine the narrative aspects of fiction and the intrinsic interest of historical material, may be developed for the telling of stories in which the theme is more important than the characters. Except in the hands of a Tolstoy or a Thackeray, fictional characters tend to be dwarfed by great men and great events. Yet such stories need to be told, and it may be easier to devise a new form for them than to find enough geniuses to give us wholly successful thematic novels.

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A Novel of Man's Inhumanity

DOWNFALL. By Zalman Shneour. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by VIRGILIA SAPIEHA

MANY people, especially here in America, are inclined to think that, in this war, the world is returning to a barbarism long since abandoned. They seem to have forgotten that, while the machine age has undoubtedly multiplied the possibilities for man's inhumanity to man, violence has always gone on, in one part of the world or another, since the time of the dinosaurs. But there is one people which has never been able to forget this fact, one people which has never been safe from abuse and fear, one people tied to the whipping-post of history—the Jews. Today, for instance, we are horrified by the fate of the Jews in occupied Poland, yet thirty years ago these same Jews were being laid waste by the Germans in Poland only a little less systematically than now. The fate of the Jews in Poland in 1915, a foretaste of their fate today, is the *leitmotif* of the novel "Downfall," by the Polish Jewish writer, Zalman Shneour.

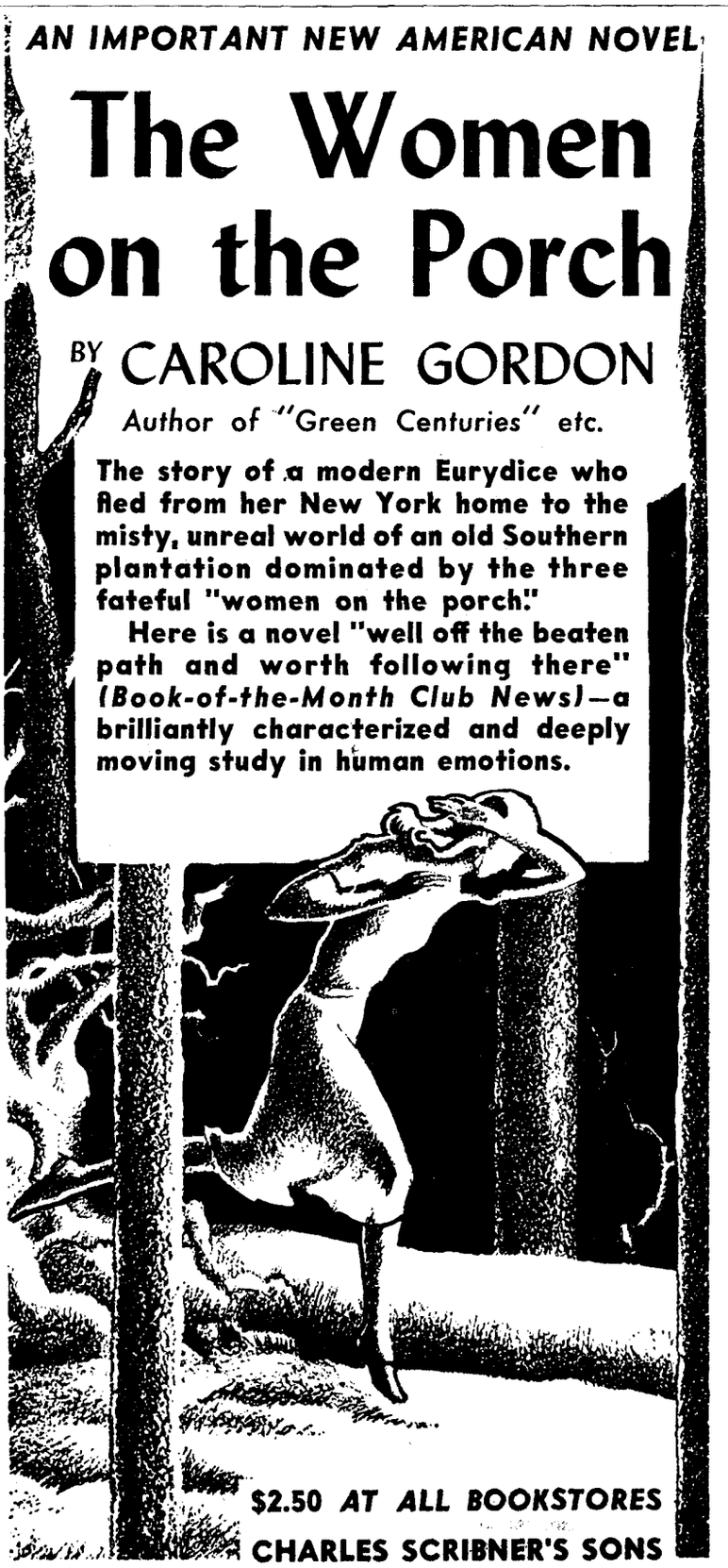
The Shatz family, owners of a leather business in Warsaw with ramifying factories in other Polish towns, represented the cream of orthodox Jewry. Reb Jacob Shatz was above all an honest man. He had built up his business, not by wild gambles and bluff, but by steady, disciplined conservatism, and each year he had used the profits to perfect his manufacturing and increase the welfare of his employees. With the same loving care, he had built up the characters and lives of his children, that his sons might be noble in instinct and apt in work, and his daughters as serenely virtuous as his beloved wife.

On the day when, soon after the Germans occupied Poland in 1915, a certain Lieutenant Lamke walked into the great Shatz store, Reb Jacob did not yet know what an iron heel was about to crush them all, but his face turned as gray as his beard. With dread in the marrow of his bones, he greeted the conqueror.

But requisition and economic squeeze were only the start of the tragedy which now belongs not only to Reb Jacob's folk. The German occupation clawed at the throat of each member of the family. Like flowers in bomb-craters, the loves and longings of Reb Jacob's children struggled for light amidst the gloom, but neither love nor sacrifice could throw off the stranglehold of corruption which was eating the life of the family.

The day came at last when the Germans had to yield. Above the old palace in Warsaw, there flew the bright flag with the Polish eagle. But by that time nothing was left to Reb Jacob of all his life's work except one single cornerstone of hope.

"Downfall," while not a novel on the grand scale, cuts deep into tragedy. Like Reb Jacob at the end of the last war, there will be millions of men at the end of this one for whom the only spoils of victory will be the hope that their children's children can live again.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Is It Strength—or Weakness?

NO MORTAL FIRE. By Elsa Valentine. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1944. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EMILY SCHOSSBERGER

THE thesis of this well-written book and also the parallel are quite obvious. The young author sets a stage for the portrayal of an abnormal character in the pattern of normalcy: a Lutheran parsonage. She shows how frustration and thwarted hunger for love turn into lust for power and a burning desire for retaliation: the tremendous jealousy of a stepchild turns into unrestricted dominance over the other members of the family and finally leads to the destruction of everybody around. If one were to conclude from the central figure of "No Mortal Fire" that the German-born Augusta with her fierce loyalty to the *Vaterland* is representative of all women of Nazidom, then indeed the answer to Dr. Brickner's question in the controversy: "Is Germany Incurable?" would have to be a hearty "yes."

Augusta, the oldest daughter of a first marriage of Pastor Fritzhoff, a Lutheran clergyman in a small Midwestern community, is indeed a model as an accomplished and efficient housekeeper. Everything under her command runs smoothly—and she runs everything and everybody in the household. There is her stepmother, distant and veiled in melancholy memories of her youth in Belgium; there are her three girls: Octavia who will become a poetess, Febby, unstable and hypersensitive, with an extraordinary gift for music, and Juliana, the only healthy and normal one of the entire family. Augusta makes no bones about hating America and the American way of life, and her planning and desire are aimed at going back to Germany. Unloved by everybody, she spreads fear and dislike. The birth of a son, who costs Mrs. Fritzhoff's life in her sixteenth year of marriage, furnishes Augusta with an object; from now on the struggle is for the boy Martin and his education in the Prussian traditions. Augusta, like so many other frustrated individuals, spends her energies in planning, carefully and with considerable strategy, and then carrying out her plans, not allowing anybody or anything to stand in her way. There are an iron will and purpose hidden behind her every action. Ruthlessness comes natural to her and she does not shrink from guile, lies, and even murder to obtain her ends. She is responsible—if not in fact, then by intention—for the removal of those in her way, even in her own family. But when she finally seems to have attained her goal, and is free to live her own life, utter failure sets in: her sister Febby, whom she has dominated all her life, refuses to accompany her and finally eludes her tragically. And, confronted with Martin, in Belgium, the boy for whom she has built all her long-range plans, she is completely thwarted. When she reminds him of his German ancestry he reveals himself as thoroughly American and everything she has worked for collapses.

Miss Valentine knows her people; and the background, the whole atmosphere of that strange parsonage of the Fritzhoffs is remarkably well drawn. As a psychological novel the picture is somewhat blurred. Augusta's development into the neurotic personality that she is, is never shown: she is just presented. The father, a scholar unhappy in his parsonage, remains a shadow, and his mental crack-up, as well as the sudden passing of Octavia, and Febby's neuroticism, are unbelievable and not well motivated. Also, the struggle for the possession of Martin, with all its symbolism, which is a main theme in the first part of the novel, recedes into the background later in favor of the sister fixation between Augusta and Febby. Febby's story gains such predominance that the final denouement, with its clever epilogue, loses its significance somewhat. Nor is Augusta's sudden development into a creative artist very plausible.

Yet the reader's interest is held firmly through nearly three hundred well-knit pages, and he is fascinated by the story of these "strange Fritzhoffs." "No Mortal Fire" would be good reading even without the deeper significance it holds, in view of the present world condition.

Good Historical Fiction

CANAL TOWN. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Random House. 1944. 465 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CARL CARMER

THIS is a bouncing hearty book about an upstate community in the days when "Clinton's Ditch" was being dug. Mr. Adams has written it out of his vast knowledge of York State Americana and out of the skill of an old hand with words and plot.

From the moment when the new doctor comes to Palmyra to the hour of his final triumph over ignorance and prejudice this is an exciting novel. Part I, approximately half of the book, is filled to overflowing with the strident color, the richly grotesque background, the violent action of upstate frontier days. Yet the careful research that must have gone into this generous ladling out of fascinating material never once breaks through the narrative to make the reader feel he is being instructed. Mr. Adams has much the same kind of fondness for the eager, rough, sentimental people of our early days as did Mark Twain and the comparison especially in Part I is deserved. I found myself going back over the book after I had finished it to read again scenes that had struck my fancy—just as most readers do with "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

Having set his stage lavishly in Part I, Mr. Adams gives us in the rest of the book the story of the struggle the young doctor and his wife had to make against unjust persecution organized by the richest and most powerful man of the town.

Here the wife, who in Part I was one of the most delightful children I have ever met in recent fiction, is too arch and playful in her conversations with her husband who, I regret to say, falls easily into her mood.

But Mr. Adams's sure hand on the plot, his knowledge of human nature and the taste of the readers, pulls the story out of the occasional doldrums of "cuteness." His villains are strongly delineated and actuated by very human motives, his minor figures are picturesque and drawn with gusto, even his sympathetic characters come alive with personal crotchets and idiosyncracies.

"Canal Town" will be more than required summer reading for all lovers of the American past. It is too lusty and vivid, too active and true, too enthusiastically and rhythmically written to be read and forgotten. It belongs on the New York shelf beside "David Harum" and "Eben Holden" and "Drums Along the Mohawk." To people who live or have lived along the stretch of the Erie Canal it will be especially dear, but no American reader should miss its buoyance, its kaleidoscopic colors, its compelling energy. It is a whale of a story.

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

(*Continued from page* 14)

that she could live happily without it. What she could not live without are ideas, and she would work at them whether they bought her fame and money or not.

She shows little interest in money and her attitude terrifies and amazes her agents. She will work as hard or harder on an article netting her a few dollars as on another bringing in twenty times as much. Her books are admirably kept and she always has money on hand for her income tax. Her staff is efficient and her conglomerate household strangely harmonious. She lives well but not extravagantly and always strictly within her means. She hates conspicuous waste.

It is difficult for her friends to decide which she really prefers—a burgeoning lilac bush or a political platform that actually makes sense.

There was never anyone "on earth" who so relished good food or, unlike most epicures, ate it as fast. Her digestion is something to make both goats and ostriches run to cover. Like all electrical phenomena her energy is terrifying. Her doctor ushers her out of his office warning: "What you need is a cop, not a physician." Once asked if it wasn't tiring to write columns, give broadcasts, publish books, contribute to magazines, make lecture tours, run a farm, bring up a dynamo of a son, dash off to Washington, give the best parties in the city of New York, and talk through all our days and nights, she said: "After living seven years with Sinclair Lewis, it is just child's play."

Like all busy people she is a practised procrastinator. If her desk is a turmoil, she knows how to meet a deadline, and her handwriting (she uses but abhors a typewriter) is so clear, so neat, so downright attractive that it looks as if she were competing for a school prize. Her concentration is phenomenal. She can apparently do seventeen things at once, and shuttle back and forth with the greatest of ease. Actually she does only one thing at once, but with such speed and concentration that the effect is kaleidoscopic. Her trapeze, however, is not always in flight, and she has delicious bursts of indolence.

By choice and profession a political columnist and commentator, she is most securely at home in the world of the artist; the medium does not matter. Like all first-class writers, a great deal of her best work has never been viewed by more than a half-dozen pair of eyes. To write it—or speak it—is its author's release. Wider publication is but secondary.

Although I have never seen a line of it, I know that, for fun, she writes poetry. Her comment on it is: "It was excellent when first written—by Shelley." Moving, reverently she can recite from memory whole pages of poetry, from the lyrics of Edna Millay to the ballads ("Lepanto" is her favorite) of G. K. Chesterton. She keeps going back again and again to the King James Version, to William Shakespeare and Ralph Waldo Emerson, to "War and Peace"—even to "Mein Kampf," the last as an example of how not to write and not to think. Her literary style, accordingly, is not that of the average journalist.

That Miss Thompson has a ready wit is apparent; some day someone should dig up and republish in pamphlet form her "Grouse for Breakfast" columns, one of the happiest recollections of her alliance with the *New York Herald Tribune*. This saving grace of humor has helped her over many hurdles, and if in the next world she should share a billet with Cassandra the contrast would be even more marked. Once I sat with her in a "trial chamber" when the WPB put her on the spot for building a chicken-house without having first unraveled the necessary red tape. (She goes overboard where farming is concerned and looks forward to a ripe and protracted old age on her reclaimed Vermont acres.) It didn't look as if she had a prayer but after two hours of grilling she walked out scot free. Her parting shot had been: "Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's hens, she said."

DALE WARREN.

"Strictly Personal" next week will be conducted by Struthers Burt.

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 51
FRASER YOUNG'S

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 51 will be found in the next issue.

BSCXKFKBSCPQX NWPCFCKAF QMW AKDSCAV JLD DSW MWRXWPDCKAF KR PKHHKA XCRW, HWDSKNCTWN QAN PKMMWPDWN.

—NQECN SLHW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 50

OPTIMIST: A NEUROTIC PERSON, WITH GOOSEFLESH AND TEETH A-CHATTER, TRYING HARD TO BE BRAVE.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

If you read Lillian Smith's

Strange Fruit

you will want to read

South Today edited by: Lillian Smith-Paula Snelling

whose current issue features

The Earth: A Common Ground for Children

Discerning readers know that much of *Strange Fruit's* richness and significance lies in the author's intimate knowledge of children and her sensitive portrayal of the lasting effects of those early experiences through which family and culture shape and twist a child to a pattern that has little regard for his needs.

In the Spring-Summer issue of *South Today* you will find 102 pages of simple, down-to-earth talk about children and the world they are growing up in. You will find the answers, perhaps, to some of the questions that trouble every thoughtful American today. You will find many questions left unanswered—questions to which we, the citizens of the world, must seek and find answers if we want a good life for our children.

South Today is published semi-annually at Clayton, Georgia, 50 cents a copy, $1.00 a year. Place your order today.

The following reprints are also available:

There are things to do	5 cents
Buying a new world with old Confederate bills	10 cents
Two men and a bargain	10 cents

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Young People's Books That Take Us Afar!

—*Drawing by Vera Bock from "A Ring and a Riddle."*

THE joy of traveling, of exploring far places for the first time is strengthened and deepened by associations that memory can call from the past. Nothing can store these memories away as effectively as books —if they are wisely selected. Something heard or read in childhood, some picture that hangs on familiar walls, some bar of music or the words of an old song—these things can give a sense of familiarity to a famous painting, a city street, a statue, a cathedral, or a skyline. This reviewer remembers wandering once, years ago, along the Por San Maria in Florence. There, in front of the Mercato Nuovo, stood a life-size bronze boar. A small Florentine boy was perched on his back, leaning over to drink from the water that flowed from his mouth. Instantly memory awoke, and began insistently to prod! What was the association that made this so familiar? A bronze boar, a small boy sitting on his back. . . a long, low room in a square brick house in the State of Maine, firelight flickering on the walls, a remembered voice reading . . . what? Suddenly the answer came. It was Hans Andersen's tale of the Florentine painter who, as a little boy, rode on the back of this bronze boar through the Uffizi Galleries. At once this statue became a friend, to be saluted each time we passed by. Later the Fascist Government, feeling that "Il Porcellino," as the Florentines affectionately called him, impeded traffic, had him removed to a quiet square behind the market where he stands, we hope, to this day.

When this war is over this round world is going to be a comparatively small place. Children will go to Florence, or to Algiers, as casually as their elders went to Chicago or Los Angeles. Their swift flight will give them little time for reading or for thought. So, while there still is time, we must see that they have the books, the pictures, the music that will make new scenes memorable. From the ancient ruins of Greece to the high motor roads of the Andes there is "book background" for them; stories, drawings, songs, bits of history and biography. It would be a simple matter to make a list of the older books that would store up memories for all over the world. But this department is concerned with the new, the current books. Here are a few from the spring of 1944 that will serve.

MARY GOULD DAVIS,
SRL Children's Books Editor.

RUSSIA

A RING AND A RIDDLE. By M. Ilin and E. Segal. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 75 *pp.* $2.

VERA BOCK'S drawings have made a stunning page for this Russian fairy tale—with a surprise ending. Opening it, we are first reminded of Boris Artzybasheff's "Seven Simeons," then of the colorful, romantic folktales from eastern Russia, that Alexander Pushkin wrote in rhythmic verse, that Post Wheeler and Ida Zeitlin translated into rhythmic prose for American boys and girls. Reading on, however, we discover that this is *Soviet* Russia, not the old Russia of the Czars.

The theme is a familiar one; it can be found in the folklore of most countries. It is the story of a boy who starts out on a quest and is advised to take the hard and thorny path rather than the short and easy one. At once, he is helped by a kindly magic; in this case a golden ring that rolls ahead of him and points out the way. Other magic things help him; the self-working saw and hammer, the ship that dives safely down to the bottom of the sea and soars safely far up into the sky, the apple that shines in the dark and drives away evil things. The tale ends with Ivan's safe return to the maiden who gave him the ring with, as he thinks, empty hands. But she reminds him that he still has the magic helpers. Then comes the riddle—the surprise! The Russia of today is not content to leave the fairytales in their own land, the magic mysterious and unexplained. Kindly, firmly, the authors explain it all. The golden ring is a compass, the apple an incandescent light, the magic ship a submarine and an airplane. The magic of fairyland is but the science of today—and tomorrow.

What will American boys and girls think of this? It will be interesting to find out. Will it convince the realists? Will it dismay the potential poets and artists? The wise reader will go to the shelves and see that the "Russian Wonder Tales" and "Skazki" and "The Seven Simeons" are there in their right place.

M. G. D.

POLAND

THE LAND OF THE POLISH PEOPLE. By Eric Kelly. Illustrated with Photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 72 *pp.* $2.

THIS is the first volume of a series of informational books, each of which aims at providing an introduction to one of the countries of the United Nations. This series will meet a real need at a time when boys and girls, through radio and newspapers, hear of heroic deeds in strange places every day.

Eric Kelly, the author of "The Trumpeter of Krakow," tells us here of the early beginnings of the Poles in the grey, dim days of legend. He leads us through the glory and the tragedy of their history to the fateful year of 1939, when Poland was invaded by the

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—*Drawing by Irene Lorentowicz from "Lullaby."*

Germans. Krakow, the city of kings, Warsaw with her magic name arise before our admiring eyes. Some of Poland's great men and women are portrayed; Paderewski, Chopin, Copernicus, Jadwigo the Queen. Through the whole book runs a dynamic faith in the nation's greatness and in its future.

The Heynal, the little hymn with the broken note, is still sounded hourly from the high tower of Panna Mary Church in Krakow in memory of the young trumpeter killed by the Tartars more than seven hundred years ago. This little hymn, says the author, has become since 1939 a sacred symbol of the spirit of Poland among Polish exiles all over the world. And the national anthem, which grew out of the song of the Polish Legions in Napoleon's time, takes new and inspiring meaning today. "Poland still is not forgotten while her sons remain."

An unusually good selection of photographs illustrates this book.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

LULLABY: WHY THE PUSSY-CAT WASHES HIMSELF SO OFTEN. A Falktale Adapted from the Polish by Josephine B. Bernhard. Illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz. New York: Roy Publishers. 1944. 24 *pp.* $1.

THIS is a new and fascinating picture book from a publisher, new to us, who has made picture books in Poland and in France. It is a legend that Polish mothers have told to their children for many, many years. In the manger, the Christ Child will not go to sleep, so Mary asks Joseph to sing to Him. Still He will not sleep. So the ox is asked to sing, and the ass. Neither voice pleases the Christ Child. Over in a corner of the stable is a rather dirty little cat; he has been lying on the stove at home and is covered with ashes and soot. When Mary asks *him* to come to her and sing a lullaby, he knows that he must be clean before he can sing to the Christ Child. So, deliberately, carefully as cats wash to this day, he proceeds to wash himself. The other animals are very annoyed with him. How does he dare keep the Christ Child waiting? The cat pays no attention to them. When he is quite clean, from nose to tail, he goes to the manger and purrs a lullaby. Here it is on this wide, generous page—the little cat's lullaby with its music.

On other pages of this enchanting book are the villagers coming in a gay, bright procession to bring their gifts to the Christ Child. Who they are, what they bring is a key, in lavendar and green and gold, to the Polish village as it was—and as it will be again. In this glimpse of far countries through books it is heartening to have the Polish book so gay and so beautiful. The translation is by Josephine Bernhart who gave the American boys and girls the Polish folklore in a book called "The Master Wizard."

M. G. D.

HOLLAND

THE LAND OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE. By Adriaan J. Barnouw. Illustrated with Map and Photographs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1944. 104 *pp.* $2.

THIS second book in a new series on the United Nations is a most satisfactory introduction to Holland. The author, professor of Dutch language and literature at Columbia University, gives in a clear and simple style an animated account of Holland's valorous history and an absorbing survey of her life, industry, and culture.

Rembrandt's and other artists' life and work are told against the background of Holland's Golden Age. Great figures arise from various realms of knowledge; Spinoza, the wisest man of his time, Erasmus, the scholar of Rotterdam whose book "The Praise of Folly" we still read with pleasure today; Kapteyn, the astronomer, whose conception of the universe brought him the honor of having the universe named after him—"Kapteyn's Universe."

This book, so full of facts in which the author often makes instructive parallels with American conditions and thought, is interspersed with humorous stories and anecdotes, like Grotius's most romantic escape from prison or the comic adventures of the burghers of Kampen. In real Dutch fashion, we are taken on a bicycle trip through the whole country. We discover the beauties and the individual characteristics of the cities.

Luctor and emergo—"I struggle and emerge," the motto in Zeeland's coat of arms—is the author's closing word, full of confidence in Holland's ultimate triumph over present oppression.

Forty excellent photographs in sepia and a good map fit harmoniously into the text, making this book enjoyable and profitable not only to boys and girls, but to their elders as well.

B. W. S.

MEXICO

THE OLD AZTEC STORYTELLER. By J. A. Rickard. Illustrated by William Brady. New York: Bernard Ackerman. 1944. 59 *pp.* $1.

OLD Don Patricio, the shepherd, tells these tales to the children on a ranch in Texas. No one knows very much about Don Patricio. He is very old, he is an excellent shepherd, and he tells marvelous stories:

> . . . . Then he would wrinkle his bushy eyebrows to protect his eyes from the sun and, to the rhythm of dripping water in the patio fountain, he would take up his story.

The first four tales are variants of European and Eastern folk stories. "José and the Wonderful Figs" is like a tale called "The Mallet" in a well known Japanese collection. "Juan and the Wrinkled Devil" might be a variant of the Spanish story of the tinker who kept vigil in the old Castle of Toledo. "Pablo and the Mannigans" will make shivers run down the back of the boys and girls who listen at Hallowe'en.

The last four stories are realistic, one of them the story of a Mexican hero—Narcisco Garcia Mendoza.

This slim little volume is illustrated with pictures that look like woodcuts in black and a warm red-brown.

M. G. D.

—*Drawing by William Brady from "The Old Aztec Story Teller."*

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—Drawing by Nedda Walker from "The Forgotten Finca."

PANAMA

THE FORGOTTEN FINCA. By Christine von Hagen. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1944. 164 *pp.* $2.

THIS is a story of the coffee plantations in the mountains of Panama. Because it deals with the good earth and the things that grow from the earth it leaves a lasting memory of the land, of the coffee trees with their dark shining leaves and crimson berries, of the way in which coffee is grown and picked and dried.

Elvia's father has lost his own plantation, or finca, in a landslide that swept away everything that the family owned. There is nothing left but the family itself; the father, the mother, Elvia and the baby boy, Olmeda. They must begin again, so they start out to find another finca where they can work as pickers, not owners. The story follows them along the steep mountain trails until they come to a deep, green valley with a stream flowing through it. And here they find the forgotten finca. The coffee trees are overgrown, the house dirty and neglected. It has evidently been deserted for years. But Elvia and her mother love it instantly. While the father works as a picker in a finca nearby and the baby lies in the shade of the great trees, Elvia and her mother wash and scrub and clear and clean until the forgotten finca looks like home. They tear away the jungle growth, they plant a garden, they learn to be friends with their neighbors. And through it all, underneath the happy bustle, Elvia is thinking of the owner of the finca. Will he come back, what will he say to them? He does come back, and what he says is entirely satisfactory. It is a story with a happy ending.

The illustrations are unusual. They have the quality of Nedda Walker's drawings for Don Lang's "On the Dark of the Moon." The one of Elvia joyously dancing when the question of the finca's ownership is settled is particularly striking. It has atmosphere and characterization as well as beauty and design.

M. G. D.

AUSTRALIA

ROAD TO DOWN UNDER. By Maribelle Cormack. Illustrations by Edward Shenton. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1944. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of the Raids, a farmer's family from the Orkney Islands, who have been forced to leave their island and migrate to Australia where they hoped to find new land to farm, a home for themselves, and freedom for all. They find the land, they establish a home in the wilderness but the feudal system that has driven them out of England dominates the new country, too. The fight of the Reids and their new Australian friends against the wealthy squatters who want to monopolize the land makes for an unusual story. Miss Cormack gives a bit of history that is unorthodox, never tries to glorify Australia's past, and discusses soberly the fact that the Fifth Continent was settled first by convicts.

In some respects Miss Cormack's book is reminiscent of the early Fenimore Cooper sagas; there is a breath of the good old-fashioned adventure yarn about it. She has, too, a sense of the historical importance of these early settlers.

The story is told in a neat, precise style, occasionally a bit precious like Victorian lacework. But the book is never mushy, never "cute"—a high compliment for a story written for young girls. It presents an honest picture of the Australia of the pioneers. Without ever becoming pedantic, it gives American girls a good taste of Australian history.

RICHARD R. PLANT.

AFRICA

TREKS ACROSS THE VELDT. By Theodore J. Waldeck. Illustrated by Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 213 *pp.* $2.50.

THESE stories of trapping wild animals in the African jungle, trapping them alive so that they can be brought back unharmed to civilization, are more than just hunter's tales. They are a revelation of Africa. Mr. Waldeck's feeling for it runs through every line of description and of action. Nothing could be clearer, more practical than his account of solving the problems of transportation and trapping, of his relations with the native tribes who are his trekkers and hunters, of his careful scientific preparation, his attention to the smallest detail. But, underneath all this, lies his feeling of kinship with the African veldt. In the end, in the chapter called "Farewell to Mother Africa," he becomes almost lyrical:

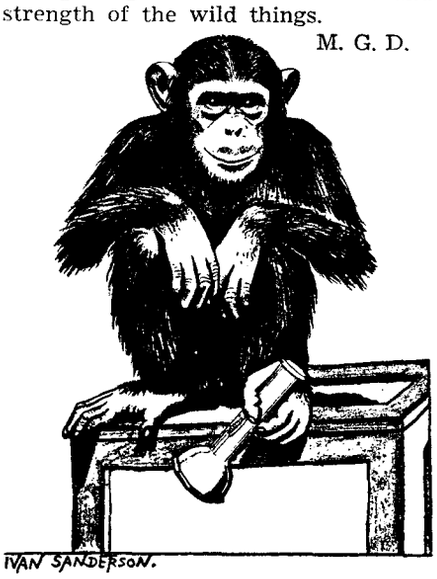
> The black shadow of the mountain crept inexorably eastward across the veldt, chasing the blue before it—a hazy blue that faded into a smoky indigo before mingling with the dark, though no eye could possibly determine where the mingling began or ended. There was an infinity of black, an infinity of blue between the place where the blue began and spread abroad and where the black pursued and caught and devoured it. . . .

Boys and girls will remember, with enthusiasm, Theodore Waldeck's book called "On Safari." In this one the chapter called "Simba" tells of the trapping of a lion. It shows the same admiration and respect for the jungle king, the same reluctance to make him a prisoner. There are chapters, too, on snaring the leopard, the hippo, the monkeys, the rhino, and the crocodile. There is a thrilling chapter on a struggle with a huge python, one on the crafty little African badgers, on elephants and gorillas, and an adventure with the pigmies.

The drawings by Ivan Sanderson, well reproduced in sepia, show all the animals that were trapped and the Masai chief whose men worked so hard and so well to trap them.

After this war is over people will probably fly to the interior of Africa for a casual week-end. They may even see the wild animals in the jungle as today they can be seen in Kruger Park. What they will miss is what Waldeck has known—danger, hardship, the matching of his wits and strength against the native wit and strength of the wild things.

M. G. D.



—Drawing by Ivan T. Sanderson from "Treks Across the Veldt."

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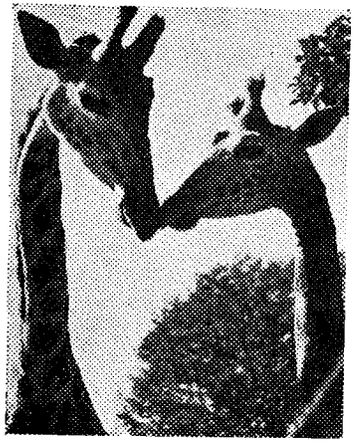
HARPER BOOKS *for Boys and Girls*

They All Saw It



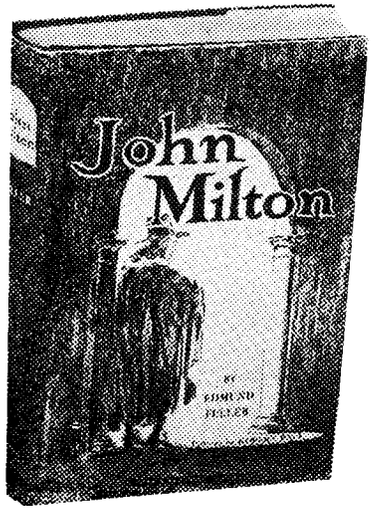
Photographs by YLLA
Words by Margaret Wise Brown

A book of amazing pictures, filled with suspense . . . pictures of living animals jumping, hesitating, wondering, bellowing. For they all saw it (except the polar bear, who was asleep.) Fourteen superb photographs, *plus* a beautiful story. $1.50

John Milton

By EDMUND FULLER
Pictures by Robert Ball

A stirring book about the great poet, in which he emerges as a living man whose lifetime fight against tyranny has great meaning for us today. Eight magnificent pictures. $2.50



Black and White

By Margaret Wise Brown. All about a black Welshman who liked everything black and even dreamed in black—until one night a white snowman came into his dreams. Twenty-seven wonderful illustrations in—you guessed it!—*black and white!* $1.25

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Types of PLANES

By Aviation Research Associates. Norman V. Carlisle, *Editor.* Illustrated by Thomas F. Lube. The new companion volume to *How Planes Fly* and *Parts of Planes.* It covers transport planes, interceptors, bombers, freight planes—how and why various types are built, with details of how each is equipped to perform its special tasks. *Illustrated with drawings and photographs.* $1.00

A Boy and a Motor

By Raymond F. Yates. Companion volume to *Boys' Book of Communications.* What makes motors spin; easy-to-make motors that will operate toys; building electric engines and electrical devices to control speed of motors; use of transformers . . . all explained in simple text and 35 diagrams and photographs. $2.00

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●

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May 22—New England Regional Number

May 29—Panel Discussion on "What Shall We Do with Germany?"

June 5—Guide to University Press Books

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1944

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●

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Readers' Service Division,

The Saturday Review of Literature

25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Phoenix Nest

RECENTLY I have read a remarkable novel. It is "A Well Full of Leaves," by Elizabeth Myers, a first novel that split the house of William Morrow into warring factions before they decided to bring it out. It is in its fourth printing in England, and was published here a month ago. *John O' London's Weekly* places it second on a list of the six best books published in England in 1943. The author is married to Littleton Powys, brother of the famous John Cowper and Llewelyn Powys, probably the most extraordinary family ever to emerge from Wales.

Miss Myers is sufficiently extraordinary in her own right. Her story of the four remarkable children of an ogress mother and a wambling father is one I could not lay down. Her gift for descriptive epithet, her poet's imagination, her unfolding of an exciting philosophy of life, these are some things I have not been astonished by for a long time in a new writer. Her book is sometimes too "literary" when it should cleave to the line of an inspired realism that it pursues at other times. Laura, the narrator, is often too smug. At times the speeches of her characters are "author's speeches." She uses italics too much. There are other flaws. Yet all this hardly matters, because Miss Myers possesses that extraordinary and unaccountable thing that we sometimes call genius, always a fiery particle igniting the paper as you read, revealing to you things you have never really seen though you have looked at them a thousand times, shaming your ignorant view of life—yours, mine, that of most of us. Several of her characters "never were" on land or sea. Several are not completely rounded out. But Steve is an agonizing and exciting character, and his ruin, in which, like the phoenix, he rises from his own ashes, is an amazing creation. The author can even be fair to the ogress mother in the end and grant her a final humane impulse. The tale of Steve's breaking is almost too harsh to be borne. So much for a work of literature.

Miss Florence M. Hitchcock of Philadelphia wonders whether any *Saturday Review* reader can supply the words of a poem entitled "Elizabeth," author unknown. She believes that the opening lines are:

Easily to the old opens the hard ground,
But when youth goes home and red lips have no sound,
Sorrowfully does the earth open to receive—
Bitterly do the grasses in the churchyard grieve.

Miss Stellanova Osborn writes from Possum Poke in Possum Lane, Poulan, Worthy County, Georgia:

> You refer recently to *Detroit News* Commentator William Kline Kelsey's mention of Longfellow's debt to Schoolcraft, in the matter of "Hiawatha," with the suggestion that the credit should go rather to Schoolcraft's first wife, Jane Johnston.
>
> Mr. Kelsey's remark grew out of his knowledge of a book written by my father, Chase S. Osborn and myself, entitled "Schoolcraft—Longfellow—Hiawatha." Our publishers sent a review copy to your publication some months ago. Always you and your associates have been fair and more, but in some way our book went astray and it has never been mentioned in *The Saturday Review*. Because of your interest, we should like you to have a personal copy, and are sending one.
>
> Mr. Kelsey and you are both right. The Schoolcrafts, Jane Johnston, and Henry Rowe, in so far as the legends are concerned, would have been "useless each without the other." Perhaps a little more than half the credit belongs to Schoolcraft, because he was the one who recognized their value, did the actual hard work of collecting and preserving, uncovered items from sources outside his wife's family, and had the initiative to publish the material so that Longfellow could find it.

I gratefully acknowledge my personal copy of the book, which has arrived and which I look forward to enjoying. It is a "big, sturdy, authoritative" volume. The Osborns have definitely put an end to the charge that "Hiawatha" was derived from the Finnish epic, The Kalevala.

Hilary G. Richardson of Yonkers says that the poem David F. Swenson, of Minneapolis, mentioned as appearing in "Gems of Religious Verse," and having been found in Lord Byron's Bible and attributed to him, occurs in Sir Walter Scott's "The Monastery," Ch. XII (published in 1820). His guess is that "if Byron ever thought enough of his Bible and the poem to bring them together he got the poem from 'The Monastery'."

C. S. Larrabee, President and Publisher of Printers' Ink Publishing Company, New York City, writes:

> Your recent comments on the Sweet Singer of Michigan reminds me of one of the lost opportunities of my youth. I was living in Potter County, Pennsylvania, and one of the local weeklies frequently published the poetry of a singer whose notes were every bit as sweet as those of the lady from Michigan.
>
> Much to my later regret and chagrin, I did not collect the works of this singer and, indeed, I have even forgotten her name.
>
> However, I have not forgotten the theme of her masterpiece which, in-

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cidentally, was later set to music and sold throughout the Country.

The Sweet Singer of Potter County, as she was at her dusting one day, found herself much annoyed by the large number of fly specks that marred the beauty of the wallpaper in her home. As she dusted and scrubbed, however, she lapsed into that state of excitement mentioned by another and better known poet, Mr. Housman, and it suddenly occurred to her that in the eyes of the Supreme Being we are all as unimportant as fly specks on the wall. The result of her musings was a poem, the theme of which was, "We are but fly specks on the wall."

This cosmic thought has carried me through many crises.

In my new Pigeon Cove home on Cape Ann I have acquired two priceless possessions. The one is a copy of "The Duchess," by "The 'Duchess' "; the other "The Hidden Hand; or, Capitola the Mad-Cap," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Unknown," "Only a Girl's Heart," "Nearest and Dearest,' etc., etc., etc. It was originally published in the *New York Ledger,* and my copy is in the paper-backed Ledger Library, 50c. a vol., date of June, '89, by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York City.

The "Publishers Notice" says that "The Hidden Hand" "is by all odds the most popular story ever published. We doubt if, in all the range and realm of literature, there has ever been a heroine who could vie with the captivating mad-cap CAPITOLA in exciting the admiration of readers, or in winning and keeping their hearts." The frontispiece drawing of her shows us one of the most loathsome young faces in all my experience. But millions of copies of "The Hidden Hand" were sold in the *New York Ledger,* and "the demand for back numbers has continued down to the present day."

Small wonder! The story of Capitola is now my favorite reading. The splendid and thunderous figure of Major Warfield, nicknamed "Old Hurricane," of Hurricane Hall "in one of the loneliest and wildest of the mountain regions of Virginia," the violent, rushing course of the narrative, like to "the loud roaring of the wild mountain gorges," the furious pace of the unfolding plot—boy, and *some* plot!—the lush sentimentality of the tender scenes, the mystery at the hidden house, the chapter headings like "A Panic in the Outlaw's Den," all these features have deeply endeared to me author, volume, epoch, and The Ledger Library! I very much regret to say that Capitola ends as a Capitalist, but she has led such an exciting existence that I doubt whether even "Her Double Life" by "that excellent writer of romance, Mrs. Harriet Lewis," which was No. 1 of The Ledger Library, and "the history of a lovely English lady —the Lady Beatrice Hampton"; or "Maud Morton," by Major A. R. Calhoun, which was No. 4—Maud was an artist—could ever compare!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Answer to the Cocoanut Puzzle in Trade Winds

There were 3121 cocoanuts in the original pile. (An arithmetical progression of higher numbers from 3121 upward at intervals of 15,625 will also serve as a correct solution.)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK PATH OF FEAR *Cornell Woolrich* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young American, accused of stabbing sweetheart in Havana bar, breaks away from police and has wild adventures.	Thrilling from the word Go! Bill Scott's exploits in cleaning up initial murder lead to more homicides hair-raisingly described.	Full marks
DEATH BY DESIGN *Anne Nash* (Crime Club)	Slaying of Cal. glamour boy involves two girls who run flower-shop, also Mark Tudor, dog-owning detective.	Lively dialogue—rather flighty at times—amusing and generally likable characters, including Svea, the wonder-pooch—and plenty of action.	Entertaining
ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING *Richard Powell* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Arab (short for Arabella) Blake joins spouse Andy in Washington and the pair of them bust up dangerous spy ring.	Every bit as gay as "Don't Catch Me" and even more thrilling—with a power-house wind-up that rings the bell.	Grade-A
SIX SILVER HANDLES *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Young soldier, accused of slaying Cal. antique dealer after drinking bout, saved from plight by private op. Humphrey Campbell.	Numerous exciting moments, two very nice gals, a capable sleuth, and plot that gets rather cloudy at times.	Satisfactory

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

CHARACTER READING from Handwriting. Accurate. Scientific. $1.00. Anna Kauffman, 436 Harper Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pa.

HARVARD GRADUATE STUDENT, 30, will share with young man or sublet small apartment, Back Bay, Beacon Hill, or Cambridge (Mass.). July 1-August 15. Box 614-J.

WANTED: to sublet furnished apartment in New York City (Village preferred), for July, or from June 22 to August 8. Three adults and son in service weekends. Rev. J. W. Frazer, Opelika, Alabama.

EX-ADVENTURER, fortyish, bored by enforced big city sojourn, would appreciate correspondence from thirtyish, attractive femme. Box 607-J.

SAVE TIME AND BOTHER! Unload unto me your subscription chores. I can find any publication in the world you wish to subscribe to through me. Let me regroup or re-time your renewals so you can get Club or Holiday rates, premiums, etc. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329-R, Washington 13, D. C.

WANTED: Active young man or woman, as coöperative student-worker in BOOK HANDLING SEMINARS. Expert training Bookshop technique, Bibliography, Rare Book Collecting. Katharine Lord, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

DOMESTIC HELPER: Refined woman to assist in household duties—two adults in family situated on lake one hour from New York; good salary, references. Box 615-J.

SENSITIVE, literary person of independent means—extensive, personal contacts among publishers—to find publisher for new and fine collection of modern poetry. Write poet, Box 616-J.

"EXPERIMENT: A QUARTERLY OF NEW POETRY" exists to encourage fresh, experimental poetry. July issue will contain poems by Meade Harwell, Richard Dent, Aaron Kramer, Sheila Alexander, Byron Vazakas, Carol Ely Harper, LeGarde S. Doughty, Ellis Foote, James Franklin Lewis, and others. Copy 30c, Subscription $1.00. 79 Q Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

YOUNG LADY seeks her place in world. Major German; minor fine arts. Knowledge three romance languages. Hobby, violin. No typing. Box 617-J.

I WANT TO LOAF! I must eat! Will work thirty-hour week, July and August. Research (experienced with government documents), personnel work. What-have-you? Box 618-J.

FOR SALE: Antique Haines square piano, rosewood, carved. Box 619-J.

WANTED: Competent executive, confidential secretary to busy physician working in country. Must be able, mature, hard working, reliable, close-mouthed woman of highest integrity, preferably one with some editorial experience. Only competent and stable people need apply. In application, give full details and list of all former employers, as well as other references. Box D, New Canaan, Connecticut.

RICHARDSON SAVELLE'S "PICARESQUE," preëminent in style, with uninhibited, philosophical heroine—requited, redeemed, $35.00, 12 cents any page. Box 43-J.

FOR RENT. Large Vermont farmhouse, all improvements, beautiful surroundings. J. N. Collins, Westminster West, Vt.

(*Please turn to page* 34)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

ANXIOUS FOR CORRESPONDENCE of mature, understanding woman who will write to middle-aged physician, widower, saddened by war loss of only son. Vicinity of East preferred. Special interest in psychology, literature, chess, science. Box 620-J.

MEEK 4-F desires correspondence with the opposite sex. Box 621-J.

TEXAS ADVERTISING AGENCY executive, hale and hearty male turned thirty, seeks diversionary employment for July and August. Earns $12,000 annually at home, but in strange pastures will wait tables, mix metaphors, hack a novel, lecture sonorously, or haunt a New England house for little more than nothing a week. Any job considered if sufficiently odd. Box 622-J.

COTTAGE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN—Thompson's Point, Vermont, for rent June-July. Completely furnished. Bathroom, fireplace, frigidaire, boat. Accessible train. Groceries delivered. Inquire S. Sherman, 842 Elmwood Avenue, Providence, R. I.

FRENCH GIRL, excellent background, wishes "pension" Manhattan; cultured family—university, professional circles. Foreign or American. References. Box 623-J.

GENTLEMAN seeks congenial correspondence with young lady under 35, highbrow or lowbrow, preferably New York State or New England, but elsewhere welcome. Particularly desire chess player or photography hound, although may otherwise be just beautiful if not too dumb. Box 624-J.

WANTED: Books and Papers by or about Phillis Wheatley. Send description. Box 625-J.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, musical secretary, desires correspondence with young, cultured male. Box 626-J.

NURSE, fortyish, desires transportation to Banff, Canada. Vacation. Share expenses. Box 627-J.

WANTED: Room near Columbia (N.Y.C.) from July 1 to August 11 by two graduate students (girls), slightly broke. Will mind baby, renovate library, wash dishes, etc., as part payment. Box 628-J.

INQUIRING, ENERGETIC, young intellectual engaged in serious literary project desires exchange of letters on problems in philosophy, literature, writing. Box 629-J.

WRITING MOTHER seeks clean, warm, reasonable, unfurnished one-room apartment, Greenwich Village (N.Y.C.) Sept. 1st, for self, infant. Yard or terrace. Real fireplace essential. Box 630-J.

DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS desired in correspondence from cultured, fortyish males, to deliver a busy but bored female from doldrums. Box 631-J.

ORDINARILY SANE young woman, becoming violent from constant female chatter, wishes stimulating male correspondence. Box 632-J.

RECEPTIONIST. Ten years experience. No stenography. Gray haired. Diction. Non-irritating voice. Anywhere. Summer or permanent. Box 633-J.

WORK AT SEASHORE wanted by personable young woman experienced as writer, secretary, clerk, girl-Friday. Impeccable references. Box 634-J.

EX-TEACHER, Wellesley graduate, with more recent extra-curricular experience including personnel and vocational guidance, would like a position as teacher of English in private day school, secondary grades. Philadelphia area preferred. Mature; very active; and interested in new ideas. Excellent health. Now engaged in college administration work. Would also consider educational administrative position where money raising is not involved. Box 635-J.

RADICAL, original thinker, poet, fortyish, will write You. Box 636-J.

PERMANENT HOME sought in happy, cultured surroundings by eager midwestern trio accustomed to good things. Adaptable young-minded college-graduate mother, 45; son, 15; daughter, 10. Serious service as self-effacing homemaker, social secretary, typist. Any suggestions? Box 637-J.

PERSONALS

LONELY GIRL likes serious correspondence friends, thirtyish. Box 638-J.

WOMAN, fortyish, of the college-bred, white-collared class, who knows that she is not glamorous or scintillating, but responds to those who try to make her believe she is—and to life's simple pleasures, invites correspondence from masculine counterpart. Box 639-J.

SALT WATER FISHING REEL wanted for my boy overseas. Describe. Box 640-J.

FLUSHING, L. I. Room with alcove in delightful, cultured home, cool woodland street. All transit. Box 641-J.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT and secretary desires position with writer. Experienced in handling manuscripts and digging up background material. Good at organization. Accurate typist. Intelligent. College. Box 642-J.

YOUNG WOMAN wishes weekend accommodations, farm or other country place, environs N.Y.C. What have you? Box 643-J.

NICHEWAUG INN, Petersham, Mass. Spacious, cool, and comfortable. 5 acres of lawns and gardens in tranquil New England village. No super service this year, but all the woods, country air, scenery, and peace you want. Good food and moderate rates.

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"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the shore. Lobsters, new peas, blueberry pie; a wood fire; no radio.

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD laughs with you"—but we pay for the privilege. Tickle our sense of humor with a joke, anecdote, or bit of original wit and earn up to a dollar a word for each laugh-producing gem. We'll introduce it—and you—to our not-so-small part of the reading world. Box 527-J.

EARN GOOD INCOME tracing ancestry. Details for stamp. Booknook 3, Marblehead, Mass.

GIRL, share 3½ room apartment E. 58th (N. Y. C.). June 15-Sept. 15. $35 month. Box 644-J.

ULSTER COUNTY, N. Y.—5-room cottage, location secluded but accessible. $175 for season. Box 645-J.

TEACHER, active, middle-aged, adaptable, domesticity of singular excellence. Would like to fill a need in a home or small resort, July and August. Speaks French fluently. Box 646-J.

YOUR MOST PROMISING SELF, thoroughly revealed and guided by European handwriting expert. The more material (written in ink), the better the reading. Mendes, 507 Fifth Avenue (N.Y.C.), MU 2-6924, $2 per analysis.

WHERE ARE YOU—Quiet, two-room, kitchenette and bath, unfurnished apartment, thirty minutes from downtown New York? Where are you with your large closets, fireplace, shade-tree, patch of grass? Woman executive, purse lean but not empty, wants you by August first. Box 647-J.

ELECTRIC HOT WATER HEATER for sale. Paddock, Boyertown, Penna.

AUTHOR, male, completing book, will work out maintenance on farm amidst tall hills and tall talk. Box 648-J.

PERSONALS

CAN ANYONE RENT apartment Manhattan to English writer-artist couple, quiet, responsible, about one year Sept. 1st, about $60? Box 649-J.

WANTED: May 16, Sept. 19, 1942; and Oct. 30, 1943, issues of SRL. Will pay 25c plus postage for first two issues; 15c plus postage for other issue. Write Personal Dept., SRL.

"THE PADDOCK," Boyertown, Pennsylvania. A delightful, informal Pennsylvania Dutch farm. Delicious home cooking; pleasant rooms; saddle horses. $25 weekly.

SINCERELY puzzled youth asks just how corrupt between-war writers have made his generation? Box 511-J.

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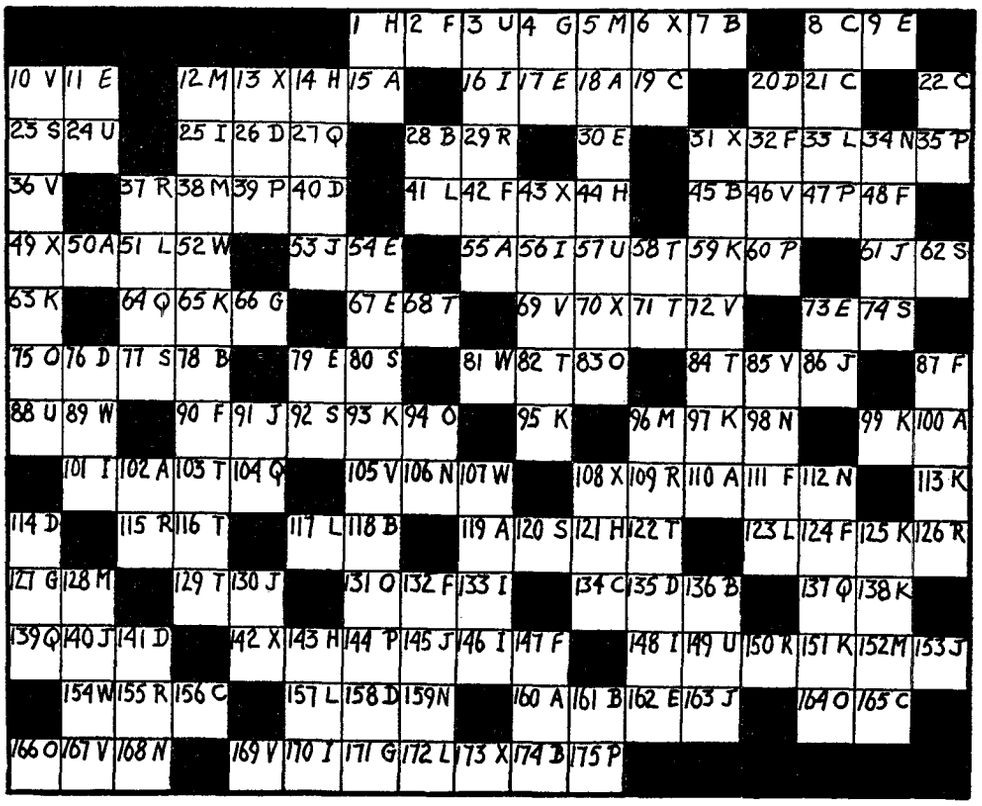
The Crostics Club

ANOTHER gratifying acquisition to our DC group is Garrett Mattingly. Having been introduced to the author of "Catherine of Aragon" as a member of the staff of the Naval Training School in our domicile, and having remarked casually that I hoped to use his "Catherine" for a DC in Series 17, I made the acquaintance with Catherine so easily (through his publishers, Little, Brown & Co.) that I forget I'm searching for DC material and go reading merrily on into the inconceivably diabolical machinations of the royal houses of Europe of her day and to a more sympathetic understanding of the ill-fated princess of the book's colorful pages.

In writing recently to John S. Newberry, I suggested that he make broader use of the DCs he evolves and has beautifully executed for his circle of DC friends. I told him of our impracticable effort at an exchange bureau. Being a generous worker among his fellows (he is, too, a Red Cross field director) he liked the idea. In the hope that he is not biting off more than he can chew, he's willing to take a chance. He will bear the expense, there will be no exchange, and the DC is yours for keeps. So he gives me permission to invite those who would truly like to receive his DCs to send their name and address to him: John S. Newberry, 99 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan. Aside from the fun of the puzzling he will broaden your horizon, I am sure; for he is an artist and a connoisseur and an avid reader of current books.

Mr. Newberry in his last letter tells of having heard from a Cambridge, Mass., friend about a Double Crostics convention held recently in Boston. Can anyone give us details of such? I believe the friend refers to that association of puzzlers that meets semi-annually to try their wits and display their creative ingenuity. Some years ago for one of their meetings in New York City I made at their request and that of S.&S. two easy DCs to supplant the crosswords competition with which they open their session. Gelett Burgess, Will Irwin, and Phyllis McGinley were the judges. A clever lot they were, as you can imagine, coming across the continent to test their wits in public tournament, and display their own creations too. I recall the occasion for another reason as a meeting with a charming new relative by marriage from California, who happened to hear of the puzzling from a DCer she met by chance, and who just had to come from her room in the same hotel to make herself known to me. The sequel was amusing and delightful!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 533

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1940 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. State of intense physical or mental strain, emotion, etc. (2 wds.)

B. A clear impartial view (2 wds.)

C. State socialism (Fr.)

D. Waldensians.

E. Indians of Vancouver Island, of a Nootka tribe, Wakashan stock.

F. Famous British-Jewish philanthropist (1784-1885).

G. Native nursemaid or lady's maid (India).

H. Colophony.

I. Sending out.

J. A method or process of determining the strength of a solution (Chem.; Immunol.; Physiol.)

K. Any or no trace whatever (3 wds.)

L. Preserves from decay or oblivion with special preparation.

M. Supple; lithe; agile.

N. Equality (Law).

O. Reports; pieces of gossip (Fr.)

P. Disposed to do good; genial.

Q. Conscience; understanding (Obs.)

R. Ceremony at hearthstone (symbolic of rebirth, new year, etc. (Anthropol.; 2 wds.)

S. God of wisdom and prudence (Hindu Relig.)

T. Play of fantastic character developed by Pirandello (Ital. drama).

U. Covered with fluff from yarn, etc.

V. Prolific English historical novelist and editor (1805-82).

W. Hot; sweltering; steamy.

X. Cumulative action or effect.

WORDS

55 102 50 160 110 100 15 18 119

136 78 118 45 28 7 161 174

156 21 134 19 8 165 22

158 76 26 135 20 114 40 141

30 79 11 73 9 162 17 67 54

90 2 147 124 48 87 132 32 42 111

127 66 171 4

14 143 44 121 1

170 148 56 16 101 146 25 133

145 53 140 153 61 163 91 130 86

65 95 63 59 138 99 151 93 97 113 125

41 51 117 157 172 33 123

38 5 12 96 152 128

106 168 34 159 112 98

83 166 75 164 94 131

47 39 35 60 144 175

137 104 64 139 27

29 126 109 37 115 150 155

92 23 62 80 74 120 77

58 71 68 116 129 103 122 84 82

88 149 57 3 24

85 46 72 10 69 167 169 36 105

154 81 52 107 89

108 13 142 31 70 49 173 43 6

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